

Common Ground

Books Make Bigots Aubrey Haan

RISE AND FALL OF THE GERMAN
AMERICANS IN BALTIMORE Dieter Cunz

THE QUESTION Helen Waite Papashvily

DO I HAVE A JEWISH COMPLEX? Edith Handleman

CALIFORNIA'S PROPOSITION 15
Grace Cable Keroher

AMERICA IN AMERICAN MUSIC Philip Gordon

THE \$64 QUESTION Isabel Currier

LETTER TO THE AMERICAN SLAVES
Helen Boardman

— *and others* —

50c.

SPRING 1947

by MILTON R. KONVITZ . . .

The Constitution and Civil Rights

Outstandingly important, not only to minority groups, but also to everyone concerned with civil liberties. In this book Dr. Konvitz discusses one phase of civil rights: the rights of persons to employment, accommodations in hotels, restaurants, common carriers and other public accommodations without discrimination. An Appendix includes the civil rights acts, fair employment practice acts, laws permitting or compelling segregation, and other relevant materials not generally easily accessible. \$3.00

edited by CHI-CHEN WANG . . .

Stories of China at War

Written between 1937 and 1942, these sixteen characteristic stories by thirteen representative Chinese authors "add up into an historic record of the cultural and intellectual atmosphere among the liberal intelligentsia of wartime China," according to the *Saturday Review of Literature*. \$2.50

by MINÉ OKUBO . . .

Citizen 13660

"A moving human story. Miss Okubo records her experiences in delightful drawings and vivid text. Her own humor and restraint highlight one of the most terrible crimes America has ever committed against her own citizens and against democracy."—Edwin R. Embree. \$3.00

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS • NEW YORK

CONTENTS

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
BOOKS MAKE BIGOTS	Aubrey Haan	3
THE QUESTION	Helen Waite Papashvily	13
LETTER TO THE AMERICAN SLAVES	Helen Boardman	18
AMERICA IN AMERICAN MUSIC	Philip Gordon	23
CALIFORNIA'S PROPOSITION 15	Grace Cable Keroher	27
PEACE ON EARTH	George E. Norford	33
THE \$64 QUESTION	Isabel Currier	37
PERSPECTIVE	Sara King Carleton	43
COME HOLY GHOST	Gertrude S. Cleary	44
SLIPPERS FOR THE PRESIDENT	John I. Kolehmainen	51
AMERICANS AND THEIR MACHINES	Photographs	53
RISE AND FALL OF THE GERMAN AMERICANS IN BALTIMORE	Dieter Cunz	61
CHICAGO SATURDAY NIGHT	William Suchy	71
HOW JOHN BOSCOE OUTSUNG THE DEVIL	Arthur P. Davis	73
SPRINKLING THE GRASS ROOTS	Ruth D. Tuck	80
CLOUDS OVER CANAAN	Mary Harris Seifert	84
DO I HAVE A JEWISH COMPLEX?	Edith Handleman	88
MISS EMMELINE	Lucile Rosenheim	94

DEPARTMENTS

Miscellany, 101

The Common Council at Work, 102

The Pursuit of Liberty, conducted by Milton R. Konvitz, 99

The Bookshelf, conducted by Henry C. Tracy, 104

COMMON GROUND. Published quarterly by Common Council for American Unity. \$2.00 a year; 50 cents a copy. Copyright 1947, by Common Council for American Unity, Incorporated. Printed at the Princeton University Press. Editorial and publication office, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, New York. Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Entered as second-class matter September 15, 1940, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

COMMON GROUND is published by the COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY,
Willkie Memorial Building, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

NICHOLAS KELLEY
Chairman

JOHN PALMER GAVIT
WILL IRWIN

JOSEPHINE ROCHE
Vice-Chairmen

ROBERT D. KOHN
Treasurer

SIGURD J. ARNESEN
EDWARD FISHER BROWN
ALLEN T. BURNS
FRED M. BUTZEL
MRS. THOMAS CAPEK
MALCOLM W. DAVIS
ELIZABETH EASTMAN
EDWARD J. ENNIS
SYLVAN GOTSHAL
EARL G. HARRISON

JAMES L. HOUGHTELING
NICHOLAS KALASHNIKOFF
MRS. JAMES A. KENNEDY
FRANK J. LAUSCHE
READ LEWIS
MRS. JACOB A. RIIS
MARIAN SCHIBSBY
DONALD YOUNG
EUGENE H. ZAGAT

ADVISORY EDITORIAL BOARD

VAN WYCK BROOKS
PEARL BUCK

MARY ELLEN CHASE
LANGSTON HUGHES
ALVIN JOHNSON

THOMAS MANN
LIN YUTANG

M. MARGARET ANDERSON
Editor

READ LEWIS, *Executive Director*

The COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY has the following purposes:

To help create among the American people the unity and mutual understanding resulting from a common citizenship, a common belief in democracy and the ideals of liberty, the placing of the common good before the interests of any group, and the acceptance, in fact as well as in law, of all citizens, whatever their national or racial origins, as equal partners in American life.

To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

The work of the Council is supported by memberships and contributions: Subscribing Membership, \$3; Participating, \$5; Co-operating, \$10; Contributing, \$25; Supporting, \$50; Sustaining, \$100 and over. All memberships include subscription to COMMON GROUND. Subscription to COMMON GROUND alone is \$2.



BOOKS MAKE BIGOTS

AUBREY HAAN

THE UNITED STATES has long been regarded as a fusion of world cultures and races, yet except for the white, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon group in America, writers of our school textbooks have ignored almost entirely the part played in American history and development by the other varied national, racial, and religious stocks that make up the American population. Had there been a conscious plot to maintain white supremacy in the United States, I doubt that a more complete blackout of the history and achievements of Negro Americans could have resulted than from the work of these writers. Either from a lack of first-hand scholarship, or as a result of prejudices consciously or unconsciously acquired, the textbook writers ignore, gloss over, or distort that history. What is true for the Negro is in large measure true also for the other so-called "minorities" in America, who, if they figure in the textbooks at all, are generally presented as stereotypes, not as flesh-and-blood realities helping shape the course of American history and culture.

An analysis of 146 social studies textbooks and supplementary materials used in the schools of California, and nationally, shows how firmly and how early the

stereotyped idea of the Negro's place in life is implanted in the American mind. Examination of 40,000 pages of social studies texts and references revealed only 75 illustrations showing Negroes. Of these, 14 showed slaves performing personal services for white masters or mistresses; 12 portrayed cotton pickers; 19 were of unclad, primitive blacks in Africa; 6 were porters; 6 were banana, tobacco, or sugar-cane planters and harvesters; 3 were waiters; 6 were laborers in South African gold mines; and the remainder showed a steel worker, salt miner, turpentine workers, janitor, cotton-gin operator, cook, coach drivers, a Negro who sailed with Magellan around Cape Horn, George Washington Carver leaning over a peanut vine, and a Negro being told how to vote by a Carpetbagger. These illustrations were unrelieved by any reference to the tremendous strides Negroes have made in all walks of life in the last fifty years. The textbook makers are oblivious of the Negro scientists, writers, artists, war heroes; of Crispus Attucks, hero of the Boston Massacre; of Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass of Underground Railroad and Civil War fame; of Phillip Field, who died at Valley Forge; of Peter Salem and Lemuel Haynes at Lexington; of Prince Hall and Salem Poor at Bunker

COMMON GROUND

Hill; of Primas Black and Ephram Blackman at Ticonderoga; of Langston Hughes and Richard Wright, William Grant Still, Paul Robeson, Charles Drew, and the many others who are leaving their mark on American culture. With nearly 60,000 college graduates in their group, Negroes are now represented in every occupational classification of the United States Employment Service. The fact of this general participation in our economic and social life is one that no text has chosen to recognize, important as it is in curing stereotyped conceptions of the Negroes' place in our society. This is an observation also borne out by Dr. Howard Wilson's textbook study for the National Conference of Christians and Jews, an extensive study now nearing completion.

Almost all the attention given to the Negro in the history texts is devoted to the slave era and the Reconstruction period. The most consistent distortion is that of the Negro's role in the Reconstruction. The following is a quotation from Mary Kelty's *Story of the American People* (Ginn and Co. 1931), a junior high school text:

"Negroes were elected to the highest office. In South Carolina, two-thirds of the state lawmakers were Negroes, and Negro representatives were sent to Congress. Some of the new state judges could not even read. A man who watched the lawmakers at work said, 'The Speaker is black, the doorkeepers are black, and the little pages are black.'

"The lawmakers had no idea of business. They ran their states deeply into debt, and taxes were soon five times as high as they had been before. These conditions continued for about a decade. Then the Southerners could endure the situation no longer. They joined together in bands, one of which was the famous [*italics those of the writer of this article*]

Ku Klux Klan. They worked secretly, frightening the Negroes and warning them never again to vote or to hold office.

"Before long they succeeded in their purpose. Many Negroes on one excuse or another were kept from voting. White men gained control. The people in the North were by that time tired of trying to solve the Negro problem. So they called home the rest of their soldiers and left the South to handle the Negro problem in its own way."

This is, in general, the interpretation given the Reconstruction period by all the texts read. No text writer among the 146 examined seems to have felt impelled to look further for his facts than other texts in the field or propaganda material put out by southern historians of the last generation.

In fact, the Negroes at no time, even in South Carolina, dominated a state government. Although in South Carolina they formed the majority of the lower house between 1868 and 1873, the whites were at all times in control of the Senate and of the governorship. The Reconstruction governments, composed of Negroes and northern and southern whites, made many heroic efforts to further democracy in the South. Corruption and waste there was. It was inherent in the times. It was an inevitable consequence of the failure of the North to pursue its revolutionary overturn of the southern oligarchy with education and political guidance of a high order.

Nevertheless, no southern state government since that time has even approached the programs of the Reconstruction governments in their implications for the extension of democracy. The Reconstruction governments pressed for female suffrage, prison reform, establishment of common schools, reorganization of state and county administration, new roads, charitable institutions, asylums for the

handicapped, civil rights for Negroes, revision of the tax systems. In many communities Negroes and whites worked together successfully to improve community facilities. These efforts are never recognized by the texts. When the Reconstruction governments were finally left without support by the Federal government's withdrawal of troops, the old oligarchy swept back into power on a wave of violence, of murder, rape, and arson that would do credit to Hitlerian Germany. None of the texts has had the courage to point out the recession of democracy in the South after Reconstruction. The writer has accepted the propaganda line of the southern planters, with lamentable distortion of fact and a loss of understanding of what the struggle for democracy in this country has meant. The persistence of this fiction through scores of texts 70 years after the end of the period is an almost unbelievable lag.

In the same way the texts omit the positive contributions of the Negro people to the physical upbuilding of the nation, their creation of an original American music, their part in all the wars the United States has fought, their importance in labor and political history, and their development of educational institutions. The Negro built much of the South, tore fields out of swamp and forest, constructed most of the southern mansions which came to typify the southern way of life, supported its economy with his physical strength. The texts should show this. The texts should say how Negroes helped in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812; sent 200,000 men to the Civil War, 400,000 to World War I, and in World War II a million men and women. Texts should weave into all history the contributions of all people. There were Negroes in the Japanese wars against the Ainu; there was a broad Negro base to Egyptian civilization; the

Negro figured in most of the great Mediterranean cultures; and the texts should point this out. So, too, in modern history, the work of Negro scientists like Charles Drew, musicians like William Grant Still, artists such as Henry Tanner, educators like Charles S. Johnson should be recognized.

One of the most disturbing aspects of the text content is its amoral attitude toward fundamental issues of human rights. In most texts the question of slavery as a moral issue is strictly avoided. Discrimination as a violation of human rights is skirted with scrupulous care. In talking about the slave question, many texts adopt the attitude that the North was unduly stirred up about the slavery question by irresponsible agitators. Tryon, Lingley, and Morehouse's *American Nation Yesterday and Today* (Ginn and Co. 1942) furnishes one example of which there are many: "He [William Lloyd Garrison] considered every slave-owner a Negro-stealer. He seemed to think that every Southerner owned slaves, that every owner was cruel and the slaves were being whipped all the time."

Such statements as the following are not rejected, interpreted, nor qualified by the author: "Workers on rice plantations have to stand knee-deep in the mud bending their backs hour after hour in the hot sun. White men could not and would not do such work so great numbers of slaves were brought from Africa and the West Indies. The worst punishment that could be given to a Virginia slave who would not obey his master was to sell him to the rice planters of Carolina. Even the Negroes grew sick and died in the rice fields and the planters had always to buy more. They bought slaves in the market place like cattle. Soon there were three black men to every white man in the colony and the whites were always afraid that the slaves would rebel. Slaves

were not allowed to hold meetings nor to learn to write; they could neither buy nor sell and could not travel from place to place without permission from their masters." (Kelty. *Beginning of the American People*. Ginn and Co. 1930.)

McClure and Yarbrough, in *The United States of America, Our Developing Civilization* (Laidlaw. 1942), use Jefferson to comment on the slave system. Among regular textbooks this is one of the very few attempts to remove the text from its position of amorality: "The whole commerce between master and slave is perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one hand, and degrading submission on the other. With the morals of the people their industry is also destroyed. Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep forever. The Almighty has no attributes which can take sides with us in such a contest. The spirit of the master is abating, that of the slave rising. I hope for a total emancipation."

This is a little and good as far as it goes; but it is not enough. When McClure and Yarbrough comment on the Reconstruction, they say: "When President Hayes succeeded Grant on March 4, 1877, the last of the federal troops were removed from the South. The 'tragic era' of carpetbag government was at an end and home rule was restored." That is all. The thing we must be critical of is not only these brief failures to avoid the stereotype or the confirmation of prejudice, but the pitifully small amount of material concerned in any way with the varied origins of our culture. Text after text contains no illustration, no content, no interpretation of the minorities' contribution.

Too often the differences between ourselves and the people of foreign coun-

tries get most stress in the textbooks, as do the differences within the nation. The common problems of human beings everywhere are generally ignored. Statements like this picture-caption are frequent: "Asia is the home of people whose dress, looks, houses, and ways of living are quite different from our own. . . . How many different things can you see in this picture that tell you this land is different from ours?" Of the 146 texts examined, only six pointed out similarities between peoples. Even where this is done, there is usually but one brief reference, a half page or less in a book of five hundred pages, as in the Wilson, Wilson, and Erb text, *Where Our Ways of Living Come From* (American Book Company. 1940). Here the authors point out: "All the people who live on the earth are really much more alike than they are different from one another." In *Richer Ways of Living*, of the same series, the authors say: "People began to wonder, too, if it was right for one person to own another." This text tells of the United States being the last big country to abolish slavery, of the opposition of the Quakers to slavery, but, like virtually all textbooks examined, neglects to give status to the modern Negro.

Even these slight attempts to establish equality between groups are rare. Most of the texts cling to the esoteric appeal, magnify differences, and thereby fail to promote international and intergroup understanding. Most are frankly narrow in their understanding of the cultural factors in civilization, and illustrate a callow chauvinism.

The Oriental suffers in much the same way as the Negro. Chinese in illustrations are either porters or coolies. The broad implications of the democracy of the common people of China are missed, and attention is drawn instead to the oversimplified and exaggerated concepts that Chi-

nese worship their ancestors and have not progressed for that reason. Furthermore, the texts seldom give children a vision of the rich Chinese civilization that existed before Western civilization had begun to develop. The following quotation from Knowlton and Harden's *Our America, Past and Present* (American Book Co. 1938) is typical of text attitudes on the Oriental. (It is, of course, impossible to quote from all the texts, but representative ones have been selected): "The Chinese and Japanese who came from Asia to settle on our Pacific Coast soon found that Americans were not willing to receive them. Chinese immigration had begun at the time of the gold rush in California. The miners were so busy looking for gold that they were glad to let the Chinese do their cooking and washing, and raise their food. But after the Mexican War, the people of California began to object to living and working with Chinese. Many white men refused to enter shops that employed Chinese. In the streets of San Francisco, white and yellow men carried on race wars, until the national government had to take a hand in the question. . . . Many of the Chinese were glad to go back to China after the national government told them that they were not welcome. Those that stayed were willing to work as servants or owners of small shops in the cities. But the Japanese were not so easily discouraged. They bought small farms in California, and set their wives and children to work in the fields; and they did so well, that soon some of the best land in California was owned by Japanese. In parts of California there were more Japanese than white people."

Many texts bring out the argument that the Oriental has a lower standard of living and must therefore be excluded in order to protect our wage standards. Freeland and Adams in *America's*

World Backgrounds (California State Series. Scribner's. 1936) write: "Japan, China and some other Asiatic countries are not allowed to send any immigrants to live here permanently because there is such a great difference in the way their workers live as compared with the way we feel an American worker should live."

There is no attempt to show that Japanese Americans and Chinese Americans have living standards as high as or higher than the general American population. There is little effort to show how those of Oriental background have contributed to the upbuilding of the West, to graphic and ceramic art, to the improvement of plant varieties, to the reclamation of waste lands, to the revolutionizing of the fishing industry, to the year-round production of garden crops, to the fight against fascism. Names such as Noguchi, George Shima, Dr. Chien-Siung Wo, Kuniyoshi, Ben Kuroki should certainly become part of the students' equipment for understanding the origins of American culture and achievement.

The Japanese in Japan fare better than other Oriental nations in the texts. In fact, the writers speak of the Japanese as extremely clever, amicable, and progressive people, thereby putting their stamp of approval upon the fascistic nature of Japanese progress at the time the authors were writing. Ironically these chapters are juxtaposed to those that fail to state the democratic nature of the Chinese, mentioning only their backwardness in technological matters. Burton Holmes, in the junior high school text, *Japan* (Wheeler. 1937), adopts the Japanese propaganda line about Korea: "The people of Korea are a kindly, simple people, much like overgrown children. They have a very old civilization, much older than the Japanese; and, in the ages of long ago, Japan learned many things from them. But the Koreans are now too simple and

COMMON GROUND

childlike to know how to govern themselves. For centuries they have been ruled by either China or Japan, or by both at once. . . . Only once in recent centuries, after the war between China and Japan, Korea became an independent empire and remained so for a few short years; but she made such a sad failure of trying to govern herself that finally Japan annexed the country; and in 1910, Korea became a part of the Japanese empire. Somebody had to take care of Korea, and Japan was probably the best fitted for the job. Certainly Japan was better fitted for it than Russia who would have taken Korea if she hadn't."

And, again, "But better farming is only one of the things Japan is trying to teach the poor childlike Koreans, who ask only to be let alone. She is trying, for instance, to get them to take baths! The Koreans themselves are always very careful to take a bath every year, on the third day of the third moon, to wash away trouble and to prevent it coming back during the year. You can imagine that the Japanese, who take a bath every day, do not think this often enough; but they haven't made much progress as yet in teaching the Koreans cleanliness."

The author concludes that, although the United States didn't stand by its obligations when Japan took Korea, Korea will really be better off.

It should not need to be labored that any text concerned with Korea should recognize that it was a civilized country in the days of Imperial Rome. Under Chinese influence it enjoyed a brilliant development in art, architecture, and literature in the 8th and 9th centuries, and again in the 11th and 12th centuries, when Korea was independent. The heroic resistance of the Koreans to the Japanese during the period of the latter's occupation is a story of determined will to survive as an independent people. Back-

wardness (to Western eyes) there is in Korea, much of it, but that is not the whole picture, nor can it be intelligently used to judge the values in the total culture.

The attitude of the text writer toward other religions is usually that of a man in possession of the correct answer toward one still groping. The following quotation from McGuire's *Glimpses of the Long Ago* (Macmillan, 1946), a sixth-grade text, is representative: "As Mohammed thought about the religion of the Jews, he decided that all Arabs should worship one God too. However, he believed that he was the special messenger of God. He had strange dreams, and he said that during these dreams he received messages from God. Since he could not write very well, the messages were written down by his friends." On the other hand, this text says fairly, "Nearly all the people of the world today believe that there is some supreme being (a God) whom man should worship."

It would be difficult to match the number of misstatements about religions in this text by Aker, Nelson, and Aker, *Yesterday, the Foundations of Today* (California State Series, 1936), adopted a number of years ago: "The Hindus, like the Chinese, believed that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. They did not progress as fast as some of the countries because of this belief." "The people of India hold to Buddha as a god; some of the Indians of South America worship the sun and the Chinese worship their forefathers." "Hinduism is the religion of 200,000,000 Hindus today. Because it is not a world-wide religion we are not so much interested in Hinduism."

This typical oversimplification, to say nothing of errors in statement, of the other great religions of the world contrib-

BOOKS MAKE BIGOTS

utes to the complacency of the Christian, and often to his aggressive imposition, as he weighs the peoples of the world in comparison to his own achievements. The text often becomes a school for bigots.

Although most of the texts examined were written in the period when Hitler was persecuting the Jews or when we were at war presumably to put an end to fascism, almost none comes to grips with the bitter problem of anti-Semitism in this country. In the entire study only one constructive reference was found to anti-Semitism and that consisted of five brief paragraphs on scapegoating in the Macmillan Democracy Readers series. (This series, however, presents the development of democracy in the United States as an almost exclusively Anglo-Saxon affair. In its approximately 2,500 pages, there were six illustrations of Negroes, all from the slave period and all either picking cotton or waiting on mistresses. There are two paragraphs speaking very broadly about the United States heritage as stemming from many races and nationalities. Even these paragraphs seem to construe nationality groups as racial.) Typical of most texts in their reference to Jews is this statement by Tryon, one of the authorities in the social studies field for many years. *American Nation Yesterday and Today* (Ginn and Co. 1942) in its sole reference to the Jews says: "The Jews settled almost entirely in the Eastern cities and built up a great clothing business there." The National Conference of Christians and Jews also concludes, from its somewhat broader study, that "there is little to offset the stereotypes of Jews which abound in contemporary social thinking."

The outside observer of the American school textbook cannot but be disturbed by its fearful treatment of the racial facts of life, its outright prejudice, its smug nationalism, its bigoted religious atti-

tudes, its falsification of history, and its failure to interpret fundamental questions of human welfare in the light of democratic principles. It is astounding that the world menace of religious prejudice as epitomized by anti-Semitism has not awakened the textbook writer to the necessity of correcting the basic causes of such misunderstanding. Williams and Howard's *Today's American Democracy* (Lippincott, 1943) gives a good, though cautious, statement of the problem.

The texts have dealt in this way not only with racial and religious minorities but with many of the immigrant groups. The following quotation from Robbins' *School History of the American People* (World Book Co. 1937) is representative of the treatment given immigration: "About 1882 the character of our immigration changed quite rapidly. The south and east of Europe began to contribute most of the stream. The new immigrants were in many ways different from those who had been coming from the north and west of Europe. They found it hard to learn the language and the ways of the country. Many of them stayed in our cities, where they settled in racial and national groups. There they lived clannishly apart from the rest of the population. It seemed as if little pieces of foreign countries had been transported and set down among us. Such a situation increased the difficulty of making desirable American citizens of immigrants. Many people began to fear that the character of our country might be changed for the worse if we allowed all types of foreigners to come here freely." This is typical of most of the texts: there is no recognition of the sordid part played by the labor contractor who induced the immigrant to come nor of the employers who exploited them in sweatshops, sewers, and mines; no comment

COMMON GROUND

on the problems faced by the immigrant from countries where English was not the language; no recognition of our own failure to provide for adequate induction of newcomers.

An exception to many of the criticisms made of the texts is the Rugg series put out by Ginn and Co. Rugg's treatment of the Negro in America and of the immigrant is reasonably adequate.

The record of these textbook writers in supporting imperialism is nearly perfect. Few, however, achieve the frankness of Knowlton and Harden's *Our America, Past and Present* (American Book Co. 1938): "The territory secured through the Spanish-American War, in addition to these other territories, had brought 8,500,000 more people under the American flag: 1,000,000 Spaniards and Negroes in Puerto Rico, and 7,500,000 Filipinos a large part of whom were savages. The population of the Hawaiian Islands was 154,000, of whom sixty per cent were Chinese and Japanese. Only a very small number were Americans or Europeans. About this time the English poet, Kipling, wrote a poem which he called the 'White Man's Burden.' Americans said that it exactly described what was ahead of us. After you have finished this chapter you will be interested to read the poem."

None of the texts examined questioned our more imperialistic ventures: none laid a basis for understanding the exploitation of colonial peoples through tariff manipulation, monopoly, and theft.

Because of this kind of discriminatory material, from school books to all the other media of communication surrounding the individual growing up in our culture, most people have absorbed without thinking the stereotypes of the majority group. The children of minority racial, religious, and nationality groups grow up feeling their position insecure, without honor. Most tragically, the concept of

his race's impotence and unworthiness is borne in upon the growing Negro child who must learn from these materials. As one Utah Negro woman expressed it, "I went entirely through the public schools and the University of this state before I found things to read that told me that my race had made a respectable contribution to this country."

Under this blackout of minority history, the children of these groups growing up in our culture do so without a strong conviction as to the worth of the culture from which they came. The majority group is given distorted notions of the worth of its own contributions to world civilization and develops a nationalism and a racism based on misconceptions about other peoples. In the extreme form this develops into the racist creed of the Nazis. The international implications of an educational system based on national, racial, and religious megalomania may become disastrous. At the same time that we are looking askance at the materials of Japanese, German, French, English, or Russian schools, we should look critically at our own text material. World peace and understanding cannot be supported on the dim view given of other peoples in the elementary and secondary social studies textbooks in our own country.

II

What are the solutions?

Certainly the first step is the removal of injurious stereotyped illustrations and content, and the reworking of content based on fresh research, giving all groups their proper credit and place in the physical and cultural growth of the nation. The text writer needs to stress the cultural diversity and the common sharing that made the nation what it is. The contributions of all racial, nationality, and religious groups are woven into the fabric

of our history and should be reflected adequately in any written account of that history. Many text writers content themselves with the mere technique of insertion, and herein lies a danger. The contributions of George Washington Carver, for instance, are mentioned with some frequency. Yet instead of showing Carver's work as merely part of the scientific work which is making our nation more productive, along with the efforts of many others, the tendency is to point Carver out as exceptional, as Negro. Often the impression left is that Carver is about the only Negro who has made a contribution to modern United States.

The story of Columbus may be used to illustrate the possibilities of weaving in many peoples. Not only was Columbus accompanied by Negroes on his trips (and he himself may have been a Jew) but there were also many Jewish persons connected with his venture. To the success of his undertaking while he was looking for assistance in Spain, Luis de Santangel, Abraham Senior, Gabriel Sanchez, Juan Cabrero, and Isaac Abarbanel, all Jews, contributed. On his journeys he was accompanied by such Jews as Rodrigo de Triana, Alonso de la Calle, Marco the surgeon, Bernal, the fleet's physician, Rodrigo Sanchez, and Luis de Torres. Many countries of Europe contributed men to the exploration.

This is but one example. Almost every event in our history gives an opportunity to show how varied was the participation, how truly the nation was built by many nationalities, religions, and races.

There will be strong opposition in some sections to the inclusion of material representing racial contributions. This has made it difficult for any publisher of texts for national distribution to be fair. Textbooks also tend to lag behind social developments several years. The adoption of a textbook series is generally for a pe-

riod of years, and once a school has invested in a series it usually clings to it until the books are worn out. If the textbook publishers cannot meet the challenge of American democracy, the teacher must resort more and more to large quantities of good supplementary materials at all levels. Such material can also help take up the lag in textbook adoptions. The direct experience, or documentary approach, is also a solution where community conditions make it possible. Much material has been written. That it has been slow in appearing in the schools is generally due to the inadequate preparation of teachers in the field of intercultural education.

The improvement of illustrations is a third step. In supplementary material and in fiction this is being done better than ever before. But the textbook illustrations now bolster our stereotypes, falsify the place of the minorities in our economy. Textbook illustrations should use all races and nationalities, showing them engaged in all aspects of community living. The photograph, the drawing, can put over the lesson of our varied culture as no other medium. It can accustom the reader to the likenesses (as well as the differences) in appearance of all groups. It can dignify the position of the minority in the community.

Above all, the texts in the social studies need to emphasize the equality of all peoples biologically and psychologically. An important product of our system of general education must be a passionate conviction as to the essential equality of all groups in the human race. This cannot be done by texts whose timid amorality seems to condone injustice and inhumanity. The text must say again and again that biologically people are all alike, that there are no inferior races or nationalities. It must say in many ways that in the ability to learn, in the ability

to contribute, all groups are essentially equal. And, most important, the text in the social studies must teach the student to recognize how the human personality is developed, how the culture in which the individual lives conditions all his thoughts, attitudes, outlooks. There is far too little anthropology in the social studies text of today.

But things are being done outside the textbook field. In fiction there are many books that help build the right attitude toward minorities. Tobe, a 120-page book for primary grades by Stella Sharpe (University of North Carolina Press. 1939), breaks away from the intolerable stereotype of the Little Black Sambo type and shows an attractive Negro boy doing the things on a farm that any white boy does; Marguerite de Angeli's *Bright April* (Doubleday. 1946), a story for intermediate grades, shows a friendship between white and colored with delicacy and fine emotional impact; Doris Gates' *Blue Willow* (Viking. 1940), a story of the friendship of a Mexican American girl and the daughter of a migratory worker, has good values in intergroup understanding; John Tunis' *All-American* (Harcourt, Brace. 1942), a book for the junior high school, is very effective in building the concept of the meaning of democracy in relationships between young people of different races and religions; Florence Means' *The Moved-Outers* (Houghton Mifflin. 1945) is a story of a Japanese American family; in Florence Means' *Shuttered Windows* (Houghton Mifflin. 1938), a northern Negro girl faces adjustment in the South; Lorraine and Jerrold Beim's *Two Is a Team* (Harcourt, Brace. 1945), tells a story for primary children of two playmates, white and black. These are but a few of the many stories useful in building an understanding of other groups.

Of non-fiction materials useful in con-

nection with the textbooks there is an increasing stream. The following list is merely representative, not at all exhaustive: Edwin Embree, 13 *Against the Odds*, Viking. 1945; Wallace Stegner, *One Nation*, Houghton Mifflin. 1945; John Becker, *The Negro in American Life*, Messner. 1944, and *The Jew in American Life*, Messner. 1946; Arna Bon-temps, *We Have Tomorrow*, Houghton Mifflin. 1945; Rackham Holt, *George Washington Carver*, Doubleday Doran. 1943; Louis Adamic, *A Nation of Nations*, Harper. 1945, and *From Many Lands*, Harper. 1940; Frances MacGregor, *Twentieth Century Indians*, Putnam. 1941; Florence Fitch, *One God: The Ways We Worship Him*, Lothrop. 1944; Herbert Aptheker, *The Negro in the American Revolution*, International Publishers. 1940, and *The Negro in the Civil War*, International Publishers. 1938; Carter Woodson, *The Negro in Our History*, Associated Publishers. 1941; Shirley Graham, *Paul Robeson, Citizen of the World*, Messner. 1946.

These are but a few of the available materials which can be an antidote for limited and stereotyped textbook material. However, the textbook is still king of the social studies in most of the classrooms of the country. It remains as the principal source of information not only for students but, sadly enough, also for the teacher who teaches from it. American education for white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant supremacy is still the rule. We build our daily prejudices while the world cries for understanding.

Propaganda analyst with the OWI in San Francisco during the war, Aubrey Haan is now assistant professor of education at the University of Utah and principal of its Training School. He began this textbook survey when working with the San Francisco Council for Civic Unity.

THE QUESTION

HELEN WAITE PAPASHVILY

My Grandmother Waite came from New England, from St. Johnsbury, and the best of her stories always began, "Well, once on a time back to hum in Vermont State—"

I love all the tales she told, but if I had a favorite it was about Tally, the cornhusk doll.

This story began when Grambo was nine years old and she woke up one morning in February after a week of snow to find the sun shining again.

When she went downstairs for breakfast, she said to her mother, "M'arm, when I get my chores done up, I think I'll take all my dolls out for an airing, it's so fine today."

Her mother was frying buckwheat cakes at the stove and agreed rather absently to this, adding, "Run down cellar, Ellie, and fetch up a dish of pickles. I thought Lorenzo D. looked peaked this morning, and maybe a sour pickle'll whet his appetite, and bring in a pie or two from the pantry, and then call your Pa and the boys for breakfast."

But after breakfast when Grambo began to assemble her family for their outing, Tally, her cornhusk doll, was unaccountably missing. She wasn't in the toy box, the chimney cupboards, down cellar in the jam closet, or up in the garret. Neither Grambo's brother Will nor her brother Henry nor her mother had seen the doll. When Lorenzo Dow came into the kitchen with an armful of kindling for the woodbox, Grambo asked him.

Lorenzo D. recollected at once he had

heard a report that Tally had run off with a band of tinkers and—

Grambo began to cry.

—and was now wanted by a constable in New Hampshire for stealing raisins from a—

Their mother interrupted this narrative by giving both Lorenzo D. and Grambo a sharp tap on the head with her thimble finger.

"Stop plaguing the child, Lorenzo," she said, "and get at your chores. And as for you, Ellie, stop carrying on. 'Twon't help you find your doll. Like's not you've left her outside someplace, so wrap up warm and go out and look for her, and next time don't be so heedless." Then, in case she had been overly severe, she added, "And if you two come in at sharp noon, I wouldn't wonder but what you'd have an Indian pudding for your dinner."

Grambo found her cloak and mittens, buckled on her overshoes, tied a scarlet wool fascinator around her head and stepped out into a day as sharply blue and white as a Wedgwood plate.

Tally wasn't in the summer playhouse or the tool shed or the haymow. Then, just as Grambo began a search of the harness room, it came to her where the doll was.

"She's down in the sugar house," she said to Lorenzo D., busy oiling tack.

"Who is?"

"Tally. I left her there last July to watch the robin's nest in the maple."

"Then like's not she's all et up by

mice afore this," Lorenzo D. said, "but if there's enough left to bury, why I'll come to her—"

Grambo didn't wait to hear. She ran down through the frozen garden and crossed the foot bridge into the lower pasture. The snow, after weeks of storm, still lay in high drifts, but Grambo pushed her way along the hedgerow until she found the stile, climbed over it, and started up through the woods.

The woods, unless some of the men were cutting logs or making sugar, was semi-restricted territory, forbidden to Grambo on the general grounds of roaming Indians, catamounts, deep snowbanks, and falling trees.

"But 'twon't take me but a minute," Grambo said to herself, "to fetch Tally home," and she ran on between the trees, dodging stumps and jumping twisted roots until she came to the sugar house and threw open the door.

Instead of Tally, patient in a corner, an enormous black man stood in the center of the room—a man so huge that his shoulders blocked the light from the back window and his head brushed the whitewashed beams. A black child crouched half hidden behind him.

Grambo caught her breath in a startled gasp. "What are you doing here?" she said.

"Don't be afraid, Little Miss." The man drew back away from her into the corner of the room. "I won't hurt you."

Grambo searched her experience for a proper reply to this peculiar remark. "Well, I won't hurt you neither," she said finally. "Are you the constable from New Hampshire?"

The man shook his head. "I want to see your father, Little Miss."

"Then you better come up to the house and I'll call him. Ma"—she added automatically—"I'll be pleased to have you step into the parlor and wait for

him there, if you can spare the time to visit a spell."

"Couldn't you bring your father here?" the man asked.

"I expect so if I can find him," Grambo said. She was trying to get a better look at the little boy, but he had retreated behind the man. There was something about these two that puzzled her and she wanted to ask the man about it, but he seemed in such a hurry to see her father that Grambo decided not to bother him.

"I can ask Pa about it," she thought to herself as she ran up through the woodlot toward home. "Or maybe the little boy can tell me himself if I get a chance to talk to him."

She found her father sharpening an axe at the grindstone.

"There's a gentleman in the sugar house to see you, sir," Grambo said. "With a boy."

Her father swung around so quickly that the axe gave a startled squeal against the turning stone. "In the sugar house? Who is he, Ellie?"

"I don't know. He was never here before that I took notice of. He's real dark complected, and what I want to know is why—"

Her father was in no mood for questions. "Come with me," he said. He took her hand and they walked down through the woods together. "What were you doing in the sugar house?"

"Looking after Tally," Grambo said. "She was lost. Pa, are the man and the boy dirty?"

"No. Now listen to me. Are you old enough to keep a secret?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then don't tell anybody what you saw today in the sugar house."

"No, sir."

"Not your teacher or Reverend Philips or your Aunt Hathaway."

THE QUESTION

"No, sir."

"Can I tell Ma and the boys?"

"Yes. They know about it already. But not anybody off the home place."

"No, sir. The man ain't a painted Indian. He don't talk like one anyway."

"No."

"Then why—"

They were at the sugar-house door and her father gave two sharp knocks and went in.

The man was lying on the floor, the boy beside him. They stood up. Grambo's father shook hands with them.

"How did you get through this time of month?" he asked.

"With trouble. With trouble," the man said. "Outside a Baltimore they—"

"Ellie," her father said, "go out and take this young one with you and amuse him. Stay within call."

As soon as they were outside, Grambo longed to ask the boy straight off the question that waited on the end of her tongue, but good manners triumphed and she made as deep a curtsy as the snow drifts would allow and introduced herself.

"My name's Ellen Elizabeth Glidden, and I'm nine going for ten. What's your name?"

"Pompey, Miss."

"Pompey," Grambo echoed. "I never heard the like a that before. Is it out of the Old Testament?"

"I don' know, Miss."

"My brothers," Grambo said, "are named Lorenzo Dow Glidden, William Henry Glidden, and Henry William Glidden. All out of American history. What's your last name?"

"I don' have no other, Miss, that I knows of. Just Pompey."

"Is that gentleman with my father, your Pa?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Where's your mother?"

"Gone," the boy said. His warm brown eyes filled with tears.

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Down the river, Miss." He began to cry with soft choking sobs.

"Oh," Grambo said with a breath of relief. "Down the river. That's nothing to carry on about. She'll be back to home pretty soon. Ma went off down the river



to Boston and she brought me Fair Rosaleen when she come home. Rosaleen's a chiny-headed doll and I play with her on Sundays. Lorenzo D. got a battledore and shuttlecock and I don't know what all. And if you're good the whole time your Ma's gone why I shouldn't wonder but what she'd have a present for you in her trunk when she gets back."

"You think she really comin' back, Miss?" the boy asked.

"Of course," Grambo said. "She's your mother, ain't she? I cried when Ma went off but Pa said she'd be back to home soon's she got her shopping done and visited around with all the relatives, and sure enough she was."

Pompey dried his eyes on the sleeve of his thin woolsey coat.

"How old are you?" Grambo asked him.

"I don' know, Miss."

"You needn't call me Miss. I ain't but

nine. It's only my sister Carrie's cloak makes me look so ladyish. She give it to me when she married Mr. Weeks and went off to Brattlebory, and Ma cut it down for me." Grambo measured herself against the boy. "I'm half a head taller than you. I don't believe you're more than eight. Where are you in the reader?"

"I cain't read, Miss."

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," Grambo said righteously.

But Pompey's reaction to this conventional gambit was far different from that of Will and Henry and Lorenzo D.

The boy fell on his knees and a dreadful trembling shook his whole body.

Grambo watched him in complete bewilderment. "Something ail you? Shall I call your Pa?"

The boy kept shaking.

"Oh, pshaw," Grambo said at last, "if it's what I said, don't take on so. I was only fooling. Here, I got sunthin' for



"Don't you know you'll grow up to be a dunce if you spend all your time idling? I'm clear up to the Fox and the Grapes in Lindley's Common Reader. Where are you in Webster's Speller?"

"I cain't spell neither."

"What do you do when you go to a spelling bee, then?"

"I never bin to none."

"Never been to a spelling bee!" Grambo could hardly have been more surprised to hear he had never been to church. "What can you do?"

"I kin hoe corn er 'taters and I kin ten' a mule, Miss."

"You're poking fun at me," Grambo said severely. Life with three brothers had taught her not only to recognize teasing but also that counterattack was the best defense against it. "I've a good mind to knock you down, Sauce Box," she said belligerently, "and stomp on you."

you." She found a peppermint in her pocket and held it out on the palm of her hand. "Look. A lozenger."

"A lozenger," Grambo said coaxingly. "And I can show you where an owl nests. Come on." She took his hand and pulled him up. "Why, your hands are as cold as cod. Wear my mittens. I'll unhook 'em from the sleeve cord and you put 'em on. I can keep my hands in my cloak pocket."

With the mittens on and the peppermint comforting his cheek, some of the boy's confidence returned. "I seen a heap a owls," he said. "I kin mock like one." He gave the dismal questioning call of the bird. "That there's a barn owl."

"Why, it's real nice," Grambo said. "I declare you could pass for an owl any time."

"This here's the jay bird a-talkin' mischief to hisself." The wood echoed with noisy chatter. "And here's the dove

THE QUESTION

settin' in the thicket toward sundown." A sad sweet mourning filled the air.

Grambo clapped her hands. "Ma and the boys'd give a sight to hear you. Do a chickadee."

"I don' know that, but I kin do a wild turkey a-gobblin' in the swamp for them."

"I hope you 'n your Pa'll stop to noon dinner with us," Grambo said. She and Pompey were getting to be such friends, it was probably safe now to ask him the question that was still puzzling her. "Pompey, why are you and your father —"

But just then the sugar-house door opened and the men came out.

"—and the team will be ready in half an hour," her father was saying, "and you'll be safe in Canada afore morning. Ellie, run home and tell your Ma to pack me a good lunch for three and put the stone jug in and have the boys hitch Dolly and Dorcas right off."

"Yes, sir."

"And after that stay indoors and help your Ma."

"Yes, sir."

The boy touched her hand. "I kin do a mockin' bird too fer 'em, and a pheasant in high corn and a—"

"I have to go," Grambo said reluctantly. "Pa don't like to speak twice." She hesitated a minute more. Time was

ebbing away and the question was still unasked. "Maybe you and your father'll come again soon and pay us a longer visit?"

The boy pulled off the mittens and gave them back.

"You can keep them," Grambo said. "It was wool from my own ewe sheep, Calliope. I sheared her and it's my own spinning and my own dyeing and my own knitting that made the mittens, so I've a right to give them away if I've a mind to. Ain't I, Pa?"

"Yes," her father said absently. He had traced a map in the snow with the toe of his boot, and now he and Pompey's father bent over it. "Get along home to your Ma."

"Good-bye, Pompey," Grambo said. "I'm pleased to have made your acquaintance." She started off, but at the brook she hesitated.

Then she ran back. "Pompey," she said, daring the question at last. "Tell me. Why are you black?"

The boy looked at her face and then down at his own hand.

"I don' know," he said. "Why are you white?"

The Papashvilys' latest book, Yes and No Stories, a collection of Georgian folk tales, was published by Harper last fall.

The sketches are by Bernadine Custer.

LETTER TO THE AMERICAN SLAVES

HELEN BOARDMAN

YES! They had colored blood. It was red.

Fugitive slaves answered the terrorism of the newly passed Fugitive Slave Law in September, 1850, by holding an open Convention of Fugitive Slaves at Cazenovia, New York. By this law every one of them was subject to arrest and return to slavery; yet they convened fearlessly and transacted that important business which brought them together.

The principal acts of the Convention were reported in the Salem, Ohio, Anti-Slavery Bugle, on September 28th. Of these, two were of special significance.

One was the raising of a defense fund for William L. Chaplin, an abolitionist who was at that moment in jail in Washington for aiding in the escape of a slave belonging to Barnwell Rhett, a congressman most active in the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The other was the adopting by the Convention of a "LETTER TO THE AMERICAN SLAVES—From those who have fled from American Slavery," to be published and circulated in the South. It is here reproduced in full exactly as it appeared:

"Afflicted and beloved Brothers:—

"The meeting which sends you this letter, is a meeting of runaway slaves. We thought it well, that they, who had once suffered, as you still suffer, that they, who had once drank of that bitterest of all bitter cups, which you are still compelled to drink of, should come together for the purpose of making a communication to you.

"The chief object of this meeting is to tell you what circumstances we find ourselves in—that, so, you may be able to judge for yourselves, whether the prize we have obtained is worth the peril of the attempt to obtain it.

"The heartless pirates, who compelled us to call them 'master,' sought to persuade us, as such pirates seek to persuade you, that the condition of those, who escape from their clutches, is thereby made worse, instead of better. We confess, that we had our fears that this might be so. Indeed, so great was our ignorance, that we could not be sure, that the abolitionists were not the fiends, which our masters represented them to be. When they told us, that the abolitionists, could they lay hands upon us, would buy and sell us, we could not certainly know, that they spoke falsely; and when they told us, that abolitionists are in the habit of skinning the black man for leather, and of regaling their cannibalism on his flesh, even such enormities seemed to us to be possible. But owing to the happy change in our circumstances, we are not as ignorant and credulous now, as we once were; and if we did not know it before, we know it now, that slaveholders are as great liars, as they are great tyrants.

"The abolitionists act the part of friends and brothers to us; and our only complaint against them is, that there are so few of them. The abolitionists, on whom it is safe to rely, are, almost all of them, members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, or of the Liberty Party. There are other abolitionists; but most

LETTER TO THE AMERICAN SLAVES

of them are grossly inconsistent; and, hence, not entirely trustworthy abolitionists. So inconsistent are they, as to vote for anti-abolitionists for civil rulers, and to acknowledge the obligation of laws, which they themselves interpret to be pro-slavery.

"We get wages for our labor. We have schools for our children. We have opportunities to hear and to learn to read the Bible—that blessed book, which is all for freedom, notwithstanding the lying slaveholders say it is all for slavery. Some of us take part in the election of civil rulers. Indeed, but for the priests and politicians, the influence of most of whom is against us, our condition would be every way eligible. The priests and churches of the North are, with comparatively few exceptions, in league with the priests and churches of the South; and this, of itself, is sufficient to account for the fact, that a caste-religion and a negro-pew are found at the North, as well as at the South. The politicians and political parties of the North are connected with the politicians and political parties of the South; and hence, the political arrangements and interests of the North, as well as its ecclesiastical arrangements and interests, are adverse to the colored population. But, we rejoice to know, that all this political and ecclesiastical power is on the wane. The spuriousness of American religion, and American democracy, has become glaring; and, every year, multitudes, once deluded by them, come to repudiate them. The credit of this repudiation is due, in a great measure, to the American Anti-Slavery Society, to the Liberty Party, and to anti-sectarian meetings, and conventions. The purest sect on earth is the rival of, instead of one with Christianity. It deserves not to be trusted with a deep and honest and earnest reform. The temptations, which beset the pathway of

such a reform, are too mighty for it to resist. Instead of going forward for God, it will slant off for itself. Heaven grant, that soon, not a shred of the current religion, nor a shred of the current politics of this land, may remain. Then will follow, ay, that will itself be, the triumph of Christianity; and then, white men will love black men, and gladly acknowledge that all men have equal rights.—Come, blessed day—come quickly.

"Including our children, we number in Canada, at least, twenty thousand. The total of our population in the free States far exceeds this. Nevertheless, we are poor, we can do little more to promote your deliverance than pray for it to the God of the oppressed. We will do what we can to supply you with pocket compasses. In dark nights, when his good guiding star is hidden from the flying slave, a pocket compass greatly facilitates his exodus.—Besides, that we are too poor to furnish you with deadly weapons, candor requires the admission, that some of us would not furnish them, if we could; for some of us have become non-resistants, and have discarded the use of these weapons: and would say to you: 'love your enemies; do good to them, which hate you; bless them that curse you; and pray for them, which despitefully use you.' Such of us would be glad to be able to say, that all the colored men of the North are non-resistants. But, in point of fact, it is only a handful of them, who are. When the insurrection of the Southern slaves shall take place, as take place it will, unless speedily prevented by voluntary emancipation, the great mass of the colored men of the North, however much to the grief of any of us, will be found by your side, with deep-stored and long-accumulated revenge in their hearts, and with death-dealing weapons in their hands. It is not to be disguised, that a colored man is

as much disposed, as a white man, to resist, even unto death, those who oppress him. The colored American, for the sake of relieving his colored brethren, would no more hesitate to shoot an American slaveholder, than would a white American, for the sake of delivering his white brother, hesitate to shoot an Algerine slaveholder. The State motto of Virginia, 'Death to Tyrants,' is as well the black man's, as the white man's motto. We tell you these things not to encourage, or justify, your resort to physical force; but, simply, that you may know, be it to your joy or sorrow to know it, what your Northern colored brethren are, in these important respects.—This truth you are entitled to know, however the knowledge of it may affect you, and however you may act, in view of it.

"We have said, that some of us are non-resistants. But, while such would dissuade you from all violence toward the slaveholder, let it not be supposed, that they regard it as guiltier than those strifes, which even good men are wont to justify. If the American revolutionists had excuse for shedding but one drop of blood, then have the American slaves excuse for making blood to flow 'even unto the horse-bridles.'

"Numerous as are the escapes from slavery, they would be far more so, were you not embarrassed by your misinterpretations of the rights of property. You hesitate to take even the dullest of your masters' horses—whereas it is your duty to take the fleetest. Your consciences suggest doubts, whether in quitting your bondage, you are at liberty to put in your packs what you need of food and clothing. But were you better informed, you would not scruple to break your masters' locks, and take all their money. You are taught to respect the rights of property. But, no such rights belong to the slaveholder.—His right to property is but the

robber-right. In every slaveholding community, the rights of property all center in them, whose coerced and unrequited toil has created the wealth, in which their oppressors riot.—Moreover, if your oppressors have rights of property, you, at least, are exempt from all obligation to respect them. For you are prisoners of war, in an enemy's country—of a war, too, that is unrivalled for its injustice, cruelty, meanness:—and therefore, by all the rules of war, you have the fullest liberty to plunder, burn, and kill, as you may have occasion to do to promote your escape.

"We regret to be obliged to say to you, that it is not every one of the Free States, which offers you an asylum. Even within the last year, fugitive slaves have been arrested in some of the Free States, and replunged into slavery. But, make your way to New York or New England, and you will be safe. It is true, that even in New York and New England, there are individuals, who would rejoice to see the poor flying slave cast back into the horrors of slavery. But, even these are restrained by public sentiment. It is questionable whether even Daniel Webster, or Moses Stuart, would give chase to a fugitive slave; and if they would not, who would?—for the one is chief-politician and the other chief-priest.

"We do not forget the industrious efforts, which are now making to get new facilities at the hands of Congress for re-enslaving those who have escaped from slavery. But we can assure you, that, as to the State of New York and the New England States, such efforts must prove fruitless. Against all such devilism—against all kidnappers—the colored people of these States will 'stand for their life;' and, what is more, the white people of these States will not stand against them. A regenerated public sentiment has forever removed these States beyond

LETTER TO THE AMERICAN SLAVES

the limits of the slaveholders' hunting ground. Defeat—disgrace—and it may be death—will be their only reward for pursuing their prey into this *abolitionized* portion of our country.

"A special reason why you should not stop in that part of the Nation which comes within the bounds of John McLean's judicial district, is, that he is a great man in one of the religious sects, and an aspirant for the Presidency. Fugitive slaves and their friends fare hard in the hands of this Judge. He not only puts a pro-slavery construction on the Federal Constitution, and holds that law can make property of man—a marketable commodity of the image of God, but, in various other ways, he shows that his sympathies are with the oppressor. Shun Judge McLean then, even as you would the Reverend Moses Stuart. The law of the one is as deadly an enemy to you, as is the religion of the other.

"There are three points in your conduct, when you shall have become inhabitants of the North, on which we cannot refrain from admonishing you.

"1st. If you will join a sectarian church, let it not be one which approves of the negro-pew, and which refuses to treat slaveholding as a high crime against God and man. It were better, that you sacrifice your lives than that by going into the negro pew, you invade your self-respect—debase your souls—play the traitor to your race—and crucify afresh Him who died for the one brotherhood of man.

"2d. Join no political party, which refuses to commit itself fully, openly, and heartfully, in its newspapers, meetings, and nominations, to the doctrine, that slavery is the grossest of all absurdities, as well as the guiltiest of all abominations, and that there can no more be a law for the enslavement of man, made in the image of God, than for the enslavement of God himself. Vote for no

man for civil office who makes your complexion a bar to political, ecclesiastical, or social equality.—Better die than insult yourself, and insult every person, of African blood, and insult your Maker, by contributing to elevate to civil rule, the man, who refuses to eat with you, to sit by your side in the House of Worship, or to let his children sit in the school by the side of your children.

"3d. Send not your children to the school which the malignant and murderous prejudice of white people has gotten up exclusively for colored people. Valuable as learning is, it is too costly, if it is acquired at the expense of such self-degradation.

"The self-sacrificing, and heroic, and martyr-spirit, which would impel the colored men of the North to turn their backs on pro-slavery churches and pro-slavery politics, and pro-slavery schools, would exert a far mightier influence against slavery, than could all their learning, however great, if purchased by concessions of their manhood, and surrenders of their rights, and coupled as it then would be by characteristic meanness and servility.

"And now brethren, we close this letter with assuring you that we do not, cannot forget you. You are ever in our minds, our hearts, our prayers. Perhaps you are fearing that the free colored people of the United States will suffer themselves to be carried away from you by the American Colonization Society. Fear it not. In vain is it, that this greatest and most malignant enemy of the African race is now busy in devising new plans, and in seeking the aid of Government to perpetuate your enslavement. It wants us away from your side, that you may be kept in ignorance. But we will remain by your side to enlighten you. It wants us away from your side, that you may be contented. But we will remain by your side, to keep you, and make you more

discontented. It wants us away from your side to the end, that your unsuccored and conscious helplessness may make you the easier and surer prey of your oppressors. But we will remain by your side to sympathize with you, and cheer you, and give you the help of our rapidly swelling numbers. The land of our enslaved brethren is our land, and death alone shall part us.

"We cannot forget you, brethren, for we know your sufferings, and we know your sufferings, because we know from experience what it is to be an American slave. So galling was our bondage, that to escape from it, we suffered the loss of all things, and braved every peril, and endured every hardship.—Some of us left parents, some wives, some children. Some of us were wounded with guns and dogs, as we fled. Some of us, to make good our escape, suffered ourselves to be nailed up in boxes, and to pass for merchandize. Some of us secreted ourselves in the suffocating holds of ships. Nothing was so dreadful to us as slavery; and hence, it is almost literally true, that we dreaded nothing, which could befall us, in our attempt to get clear of it. Our condition could be made no worse, for we were already in the lowest depths of earthly woe. Even should we be overtaken, and subjected to slavery, this would be but to return to our old sufferings and sorrows; and should death itself prove to be the price of our endeavor after freedom, what would that be but a welcome release to men, who had all their lifetime, been killed every day, and 'killed all the day long.'

"We have referred to our perils and hardships in escaping from slavery. We are happy to be able to say, that every

year is multiplying the facilities for leaving the Southern prison house. The Liberty Party, the Vigilance Committee of New York, individuals, and companies of individuals in various parts of the country, are doing all they can, and it is much, to afford you a safe, and a cheap passage from slavery to liberty.—They do this, however, not only at great expense of property, but at great peril of liberty and life. Thousands of you have heard, ere this, that within the last fortnight, the precious name of William L. Chaplin has been added to the list of those who, in helping you gain your liberty, have lost their own. Here is a man, whose wisdom, cultivation, moral worth, bring him into the highest and best class of men:—and yet, he becomes a willing martyr for the poor, despised, forgotten slave's sake. Your remembrance of one such fact is enough to shed light and hope upon your darkest and most desponding moments.

"Brethren, our last word to you is to bid you be of good cheer, and not to despair of your deliverance. Do not abandon yourselves, as have many thousands of American slaves, to the crime of suicide. Live! live to escape from slavery! live to serve God! live till He shall Himself call you into eternity! Be prayerful—be brave—be hopeful. 'Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.'"

Helen Boardman is a research historian who has put in nine years of work on Negro history. She knew about the Cazenovia Convention because her great-grandfather was one of the organizers. For an account of her search for this Letter, see the Miscellany columns.

AMERICA IN AMERICAN MUSIC

PHILIP GORDON

Not so many years ago it was the "correct" thing to say that there is no American music, that not only is American music nonexistent, but it cannot possibly be brought into existence. Why? Because we are an inherently unmusical people. Because the pioneers were too busy to sing. Because all our creative energies have gone into making money.

And while the sages are busy congratulating themselves on their perspicacity, American music grows up and flowers.

O, yes, it flowers. Both in quantity and in quality. It may amaze you to see how easy it is to make a sizeable list of good, productive American composers. This is not a carefully compiled list—just a random jotting down of names—and like as not some top-notch men have been left out. But it adds up to fifty names, and the chances are that you have heard at least thirty-five of them before. You might check and see. Here are the names: Howard Hanson, Charles Ives, Randall Thompson, Virgil Thomson, Norman Dello Joio, William Schuman, Roy Harris, Henry Cowell, William Bergsma, Elie Siegmeister, Morton Gould, Burrill Phillips, Aaron Copland, David Van Vactor, Samuel Barber, Bernard Rogers, Walter Piston, Quincy Porter, Richard Donovan, Roger Sessions, Philip James, Harl McDonald, Nicolai Berzowsky, Ernst Bacon, John Alden Carpenter, Deems Taylor, Daniel Gregory Mason, Douglas Moore, Abram Chasins, Harold Morris, Bernard Herrmann, Ma-

rion Bauer, Otto Luening, George McKay, Gardner Read, Kent Kennan, William Grant Still, Robert McBride, Paul Creston, Normand Lockwood, Leo Sowerby, John Powell, Nathaniel Dett, Louis Gruenberg, Lucas Foss, David Diamond, Frederick Jacobi, Anis Fuleihan, Leonard Bernstein, Paul White.

Even if these were not very good composers, a nation that can total up fifty recognized skilled creative craftsmen is expressing itself in music. And they are good, not only quantitatively, but qualitatively as well. As good symphonies as any that have come out of Europe in the last couple of decades have been written here—as good chamber music—as good music for voices.

But is this really our music? Does it actually speak to the world with our tongue, voice our thoughts, publish our dreams, proclaim our aspirations? How much of America is in the music our composers are writing?

It is indeed our music that is being written here today. That is made clear, if in no other way, by the texts which our composers choose as the basis for their music. Benét, Whitman, Sandburg, Jefferson, Lincoln—these sources are freely tapped. Randall Thompson's "Testament of Freedom," for male chorus and orchestra, is set to passages from the writings of Thomas Jefferson. Lucas Foss' cantata, "The Prairie," is based on Carl Sandburg's "Cornhuskers." Norman Dello Joio has used large portions of Stephen Vincent Benét's "Western Star" in an

extended composition for chorus, orchestra, and solo voices. Douglas Moore's "The Devil and Daniel Webster" and Elie Siegmeister's "A Tooth for Paul Revere" both take their texts from Benét. Walt Whitman has inspired quite a number of works: William Schuman's "A Free Song" and Roy Harris' "Song for Occupations" are among the best known. The most recent composition of Paul Hindemith, who is now an American citizen, is a setting of "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd." Lincoln, too, appeals strongly to composers. Aaron Copland, in his "Lincoln Portrait," has selected passages from Lincoln's speeches, which are recited with orchestral accompaniment. "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," by Elie Siegmeister, is a setting of the poem by Vachel Lindsay. In the orchestral mold are "A Lincoln Symphony" by Daniel Gregory Mason, and "Abraham Lincoln, a Likeness in Symphonic Form" by Robert Russell Bennett.

What are the thoughts that draw composers so powerfully to translate words into music? They are the thoughts that stir in our consciousness up and down the whole country, thoughts of how our nation was built, what we want our destiny to be, what we believe in and live by.

The music to these texts contains no undertone of pomposity or braggadocio. There is no desire to impress the world. We are trying to understand ourselves better. It is a spirit of high purpose that is reflected in this group of works.

From this viewpoint it is understandable why we have not ventured much into operatic writing—and not at all deplorable. Our composers are not yet ready to think about our life in the artificial make-believe terms of opera. Not much really vital opera has been written anywhere in the last thirty years, but practically nothing of lasting interest has

come from the pens of American composers. Purists may frown, but the nearest we have come to anything with the breath of life in it is Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess."

Is it necessary that American opera be an interpreter of American life? At this moment it is. In our present phase of musical evolution—the growing stage of shaping an American musical identity—we cannot write of gods and satyrs, or of romances in the South Seas. To be sure, it is not necessary to localize an opera in the Times Square subway station or to place the protagonists on opposite sides of a quick-lunch counter. But the American people must feel a sympathetic—one might say a proprietary—bond with what is enacted on the stage if we are to build a school of American opera.

Quite consciously the American composer has set himself to interpret the home scene through whatever medium he finds most adaptable. John Alden Carpenter took the ballet form for "Sky-scraper." "Rodeo" and "Fancy Free" highlight two widely separated aspects of contemporary life. Each of these in its own way has blown a delightful fresh breeze into the stuffy ballet repertoire.

The smiling affection with which the American composer treats the phenomena of our life is one of the healthiest signs in the gloomy chart of world music during the past thirty years. Some years ago Philip James wrote a piece entitled "Station WGBX," an amusing picture of the ordered disorder of a large broadcasting station. William Schuman's more recent "Newsreel" treats some of the "corny" banalities of that national institution with a tickling mock-seriousness. The American comic strip, a unique product of American art (or perhaps it's literature), has received a share of attention in Carpenter's "Krazy Kat"; let no one be amazed if any day brings

forth a musical version of "Blondie" or "Li'l Abner."

The variety of subject and the ingenuity of treatment seem almost unending. Randall Thompson has made a vocal setting of items from the American Mercury's "Americana" department, a column of tidbits culled from the nation's newspapers. William Grant Still writes of "Lenox Avenue," Douglas Moore of "The Pageant of P. T. Barnum," Bernard Herrmann of "Currier and Ives." When the ten millionth Ford rolled off the assembly line, Frederick Converse composed a symphonic suite appropriately named "Flivver Ten Million." For the nostalgic, Burrill Phillips warmly wrote "Selections from the McGuffey Reader." The music of Charles Ives is American to its roots—"Holidays" (Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day), "Concord Sonata" (Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, Thoreau), "New England Scenes" (Boston Common, Putnam's Camp, The Housatonic at Stockbridge). His fourth violin sonata is entitled "Children's Day at Camp Meeting." There will be more and more such works, rooted in the soil of America.

One of the agreeable shocks experienced by this supposedly unmusical nation has come from the gradual discovery that we have a rich tradition of folk song—as rich as any in Europe.

To be sure, the English, the Germans, the Czechs, the Poles, the Italians, who came here with their language and their household goods, did not leave their folk songs behind. Even if they had, in the life of the frontier a folk music would have been bound to grow and flourish. We are a people rich in folk music, and the American composer knows it. The strands of traditional song are woven into the texture of symphonic scores.

It is particularly fortunate that some

of the men most active in the folk-song field are composers. Thus their interest in the folk origins of American music becomes more than a collector's interest. It nourishes the roots and causes fruit to grow from the native soil. To Elie Siegmeister we are indebted for a happy combination of the folklorist and the composer. The director of the American Ballad Singers has been particularly felicitous in such a work as his "Western Suite," in which traditional songs from the cowboy country are interwoven and developed in profusion.

Other composers similarly take our indigenous music as their starting point. "Deep River" has a prominent role in Daniel Gregory Mason's "Quartet on Negro Themes." Bloch's "America" is full of references to native material. George McKay has written a "Suite on Fiddlers' Tunes." The music of Charles Ives sometimes becomes an irresistible antique shop of old tunes that stem from many sources. Some composers specialize in dressing up native folk material in arrangements suitable for concert performance. This procedure is the identifying mark of Lamar Stringfield, David Guion, and Clarence Cameron White.

New and exhilarating as our musical advance seems to us, much of it exemplifies the adage that history repeats itself. It is a commonplace that the popular dance plays an important role in fecundating music when it is threatened with sterility. The 16th century Fitzwilliam Virginal Book is full of graceful and elegant pieces, many called "Pavan" or "Galliard." These are the same pavans and galliards which, in simple and forthright arrangements, were played by Queen Elizabeth's musicians for the Court dances. Bach's Suites, as every piano student knows, are sets of dances. They may be beautifully embroidered with counterpoint, but if you know the ap-

propriate dance steps you can execute without the slightest difficulty or complication any of Bach's gavottes, bourrees, allemandes, or sarabandes. The symphonies of Haydn and Mozart contain many an honest minuet. Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony has a waltz with an authentic lilt. So it should shock no one to find that in Harl McDonald's Second Symphony there is a rumba.

The Blues form particularly appears to lend itself pleasingly to manipulation by composers, possibly because its individuality lies more in stylistic than in formal features. Morton Gould has an excellent and characteristic Blues in his "Folk Suite," and it certainly is as appropriate as—let us say—the well liked Gavotte in Bach's Fifth French Suite. Virgil Thomson included a Blues in the suite he arranged from his music to the film, "The Plow That Broke the Plains." There is a similar movement in a group of piano pieces by Samuel Barber.

All this is apart from the adoption of, or experimentation with, a jazz idiom by composers of serious purpose. Europeans have tried their hand at it perhaps more than our own composers. It is recognized that jazz has contributed importantly through the development of certain devices of orchestration, particularly expanding the use of the muted brass in novel and varied ways. But with regard to the employment of the jazz idiom in music that pretends to substance and workmanship of lasting value, perhaps the ultimate verdict is to be found in the attitude of Aaron Copland, who tried it and left it because it proved itself inadequate for his expressional needs.

While Europeans may seize upon jazz as the characteristic American musical speech and label it our national musical idiom, it is far from being that. There is no specifically American musical idiom,

and there is not likely to be. For one thing, such a concept as an identifiable national musical idiom is at best tenuous. Despite an unbroken span of more than two hundred years from Bach to Hindemith, one hesitates to risk a categorical pronouncement regarding a German musical idiom. How much less, then, can we isolate an American musical idiom. But another cogent factor is that the American composer tends to remain an individualist. The manner in which he expresses himself may vary from a severe and polished conservatism to a dissonant and iconoclastic modernism. In contemporary American music, idioms may be as far apart as the musical speech of Randall Thompson and Morton Gould. Howard Hanson is the distance of the poles from William Schuman, and Roy Harris is equally removed from Samuel Barber.

That is as it should be. We have come a long way from the time when our composers, having no speech of their own, became post-Wagnerians, or post-Debussyans, or just imitators of Europe's post-war disillusionment. The American composer has emancipated himself. He thinks with his own mind; he speaks with his own voice. And increasingly he speaks, with growing assurance and with mounting eloquence, of that which he knows best—America.

Philip Gordon is a lecturer on music at Seton Hall College in New Jersey and a contributor to professional journals. A conductor of symphony orchestras and a composer of several extended works, he is chairman of the Committee on Contemporary Music of the Music Educators National Conference, Eastern Division, and president of the Department of Music of the New Jersey Education Association.

CALIFORNIA'S PROPOSITION 15

GRACE CABLE KEROHER

Proud and prejudiced California, focal point of anti-Orientalism for more than ninety years, last fall swung a hard punch at the racial hatred inherent in her Alien Land Law. November's election forced the issue into the open by the appearance on the ballot of "Proposition 15," a measure which sought to incorporate the Alien Land Law of 1920, together with its amendments, into the state constitution. Although the overwhelming defeat of Proposition 15 did not invalidate the Alien Land Law itself, it underscored the extent to which public opinion in California has changed in regard to Japanese Americans.

Back of California's Alien Land Law lies a long history of racial antagonism, the roots of which are embedded in the social upheaval and economic tensions indigenous to a population mad in its rush for gold. The Gold Rush with its attendant heroism and tragedy brought men from everywhere to California—men of divergent races and nationalities, from sources far apart. During the years of rapid expansion—mushrooming mining towns, sudden wealth, poverty, skyrocketing prices, reckless spending, wild commercial adventures, rampant lawlessness, incessant babel of tongues—California struggled to adjust itself.

Here, in a society morally and socially tried, Orientals and Occidentals, each with a distinct cultural pattern, for the first time in the United States met in large numbers to begin the business of living together.

Trouble started at the outset. Resentment against "foreign" miners ran high. Directed first against the Indians and Mexicans, whose numbers increased sharply during the Gold Rush, enmity soon centered on the steadily growing Chinese element. Outbursts of violence, brutal attacks, and race riots led to a discriminatory state tax on "foreign" miners and the setting up of racial barriers in many mining districts. Driven from the mines, excluded from regular employment practically everywhere, the Chinese were a despised minority when, in the late '60s, they flocked to the agricultural districts at a time when that rapidly expanding industry was beginning to demand a supply of cheap labor.

What seemed only trivial matters at first were, in reality, the shadows of coming events. Swiftly, dramatically, through tense, bitter scenes, the Chinese episode moved to its climax. Unscrupulous politicians, labor leaders, business interests with an ax to grind, the press, all played upon the bitterness of color prejudice as a means to an end.

What had been ill-feeling toward the Chinese in 1852 culminated in deep prejudice. Petty economic charges against individuals resolved themselves into insidious cultural and biological arguments against the whole race. Local agitation for restriction bred a state-wide movement, with its slogan "The Chinese must go." In Washington, California's congressmen led the clamor that resulted in the national Exclusion Act of 1882—a bill which not only suspended immigra-

COMMON GROUND

tion for ten years but contained a prohibition against the right to naturalization. A decade later, Congress, prodded by a coalition of western and southern states, passed the Geary Act, which continued the prohibition against Chinese immigration for another ten years, denied bail to Chinese in habeas corpus proceedings, and required certificates of residence, in default of which they could be deported. By 1902 Congress extended indefinitely the prohibition against Chinese immigration and the denial of the privilege of naturalization.

People of California had missed the boat. What could have been an interesting adventure—the integration of the Chinese into American life—degenerated into a race struggle. Thirty years of battling the Chinese had left its mark in the form of a deep anti-Oriental prejudice—a prejudice which manifested itself in a vicious cycle of hate campaigns that plagued the state's political life, clouded the national vision, and muddled the waters of international diplomacy.

Passage of the Exclusion Act of 1882 failed to solve California's race problem. Instead it merely created a gap in the cheap labor supply—a key commodity to the large farm industrialists of the state. By the turn of the century Japanese laborers were entering the state in large numbers. At first, in the face of industrial necessity, racial prejudice was shelved and the Japanese were actually welcomed by the press. Experienced farmers, the Japanese went directly to the fields where they not only filled the need for cheap labor but adapted themselves readily to California's pattern of industrial farming. Skillful and industrious, they soon moved from the laboring class into the land-owning class and made their own contribution to California agriculture. Pioneering in the production of many

new crops, they transformed thousands of acres of worthless land into fertile fields, successful orchards, and vineyards. Although welcome as laborers, it was another story when the "aggressive" Japanese wanted farms of their own.

Presence of the Japanese in increasing numbers soon aroused protest. Prejudice formerly directed against the Chinese now centered on the Japanese. Reduced to its barest outlines the anti-Japanese movement followed the same basic pattern as the anti-Chinese movement. The years from 1900 to 1946 were punctuated by one anti-Japanese campaign after another, with fear of the "Yellow Peril" played up sensationally in the press.

Prominent among the organizations opposing the Japanese was the Native Sons of the Golden West. Organized in 1875 for the purpose of collecting historical material and preserving historical landmarks, the Native Sons took an active part in the anti-Japanese movement, for, as one of their leaders remarked, they were interested in keeping California as "it has always been and God himself intended it shall always be—the White Man's Paradise." On the roster of the organization were many political leaders of the day. By the clever use of the strong sentiment against the Japanese, the Native Sons built up a close-knit political organization. In fact, during the years from 1907 to 1924, many state officials, legislators, judges, and Congressmen owed their support and election to the Native Sons of the Golden West.

As early as 1909 California was set to "legislate the Japanese out of the state." In that year seventeen anti-Japanese bills were introduced into the state Legislature, among them an alien land act designed to prevent the acquisition of land by the Japanese. The bill failed when it was suggested that it be amended to include all aliens.

CALIFORNIA'S PROPOSITION 15

One of the first measures introduced when the Legislature met in 1913 was the Webb-Heney Bill or Alien Land Act. This hinged upon the phrase "aliens ineligible to citizenship." Fearful of the international consequences of such an act, President Wilson sent his Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, to Sacramento to urge against the enactment of the bill, but it was promptly passed. When Governor Johnson signed the measure, he announced that its purpose was to "make the people of the East understand the feelings of the people of the Coast toward Orientals."

In reality the Webb-Heney bill lacked teeth. It divested no Japanese holdings and merely prevented the acquisition of land in the future by "aliens ineligible to citizenship." It was important from the standpoint of the expressed purpose behind it. Sponsors of the bill openly admitted that it was an "irritant—a warning for the Japanese," "a step in the campaign for exclusion"; that it was to "keep out people we don't want, particularly the Japanese"; that the "fundamental basis of all legislation on the subject was race undesirability."

The anti-Japanese movement marked time during World War I. But hardly had the ink dried on the Treaty of Versailles when the governor was besieged to call a special session of the Legislature to act upon anti-Japanese legislation that had been shelved pending the signing of the treaty. Two initiative measures, an alien poll tax and a new Alien Land Law, appeared on the November ballot in 1920. Both measures carried by decisive majorities. Designed to eliminate every loophole in the 1913 statute, the new Alien Land Law represented, it was thought, the final "solution" to the Japanese problem.

The 1920 law stated that "aliens in-

eligible to citizenship" could not own, lease, inherit, or serve as guardians for owners of agricultural land. Amendments to the law in 1923, 1927, and 1943 forbade owning shares in land; placed the burden of proving citizenship upon the aliens in question; forbade cropping contracts; required annual reports from guardians; made such guardianships an indication of attempt to evade the law unless guardians could prove that all benefits from property went to their wards, who were usually their own children.

The first test case on the Alien Land Law occurred in 1922 when the court held that Takao Ozawa, graduate of Berkeley High School and a student at the University of California, was not a "free white person" and was therefore "ineligible to citizenship." The case was important in that no sooner had the decision been handed down than the proponents of anti-Oriental legislation began to work for an immigration bill which would bar all aliens "ineligible to citizenship."

As in the case of the anti-Chinese movement, agitation against the Japanese ended in national exclusion. In 1924, when the Quota Immigration Act was introduced in Congress, California's Senator Shortridge was quick to move that the bill be amended to exclude "all aliens ineligible to citizenship." Protest from Japan only precipitated heated debate. Congress passed the bill which Coolidge signed with "stated reluctance."

Passage of the Immigration Act of 1924 quieted the anti-Japanese movement for the moment at least. As for the Alien Land Law, its enforcement had been vested in local officials who enforced it when they wanted to and ignored evasions of the act when it suited their interests. Although held as a convenient club over the heads of the Japa-

COMMON GROUND

nese, it came to be considered generally a "dead-letter law."

Japanese who remained in agriculture in the ownership category found various methods to escape the provisions of the Alien Land Law. Common among such devices was the purchase of property in the name of citizen children; establishment of guardianships for Nisei; use of "dummy" corporations. Test cases upheld the legality of these devices. In two notable decisions—the Yano and Fujita cases—the State Supreme Court upheld the right of ineligible alien parents to purchase property for the benefit of their citizen children. Throughout the years since these cases were determined—and until the evacuation—these decisions guided the application of the law.

In the race-baiting that followed Pearl Harbor and the outbreak of war with Japan, groups who opposed the return of the evacuees to California dragged out the musty Alien Land Law, dusted it off, added a few more claws, and put it to work. Large farming interests that had gained control of the Japanese-held farm lands at the time of the evacuation were reluctant to let them go and saw in the Alien Land Law an opportunity to consolidate their gains. In the spring of 1945 the California Legislature set aside \$200,000 for the use of the state attorney general's office in the prosecution of escheat cases. As an added incentive, the Legislature at the same time passed a bill authorizing the state to split the proceeds of the sale of confiscated lands with the counties involved.

Spurred by the profit motive, more than 60 escheat cases have now been filed, with more than a million dollars worth of farm land involved. All property held by children of "aliens ineligible to citizenship" has been placed in jeopardy. In fact, most of the 60 prosecutions undertaken by the state against persons of

Japanese ancestry for violations of the Alien Land Law concern property purchased by alien parents in the name of their citizen children. Nisei veterans and some service men still overseas are among the victims of escheat proceedings. Many returnees, impoverished by evacuation, find their rehabilitation efforts blocked by provisions of the Alien Land Law.

First of the wartime Alien Land Law cases to reach the State Supreme Court was the Oyama case. Briefly stated, the Oyama case is this: Kajiro Oyama, an alien by virtue of his birth in Japan, on two occasions—1934 and 1937—purchased farm properties and transferred them by deed to his minor son, Fred, an American citizen. Early in 1935 the father instituted guardianship proceedings and the Court appointed him guardian of his minor son, Fred. On two occasions the Court granted the father—as guardian of his son—permission to borrow money upon the property. While as far as the court records were concerned the farm was treated by the father as his son's property, he had failed to keep a separate bank account and file an accounting of the management of the property. The lower court held that since Kajiro Oyama had paid the consideration and taken the title in another's name the Alien Land Law had been violated and judgment was given to the State. The case was taken to the State Supreme Court and the decision of the lower court was upheld.

The groups with most to gain from the enforcement of the Alien Land Law were somewhat uneasy, however, about the legality of their weapon. Although the State Constitution provides that an initiative act passed by the vote of the electors is not subject to amendment by the Legislature, the Alien Land Law as enacted in 1920 specifically provided that in the case of this law "the Legislature may amend it in furtherance of its pur-

CALIFORNIA'S PROPOSITION 15

poses and to facilitate its operation." While the Legislature had seen fit to "add teeth" to the original act, there still existed some doubt as to the legality of these legislative amendments. Anti-Japanese forces sought not only to establish beyond question the validity of the amending acts but to spike any possibility that the whole law might be declared unconstitutional. Therefore, early in 1945 they proposed to amend the State Constitution by incorporating in it the entire Alien Land Law of 1920 with its subsequent amendments. That proposal became "Proposition 15" on the November ballot.

To defeat Proposition 15 was a mammoth task. Antagonisms were deep. Prejudices were of long standing. California had a long record of passing anti-Japanese legislation by large majorities. Besides, Proposition 15 was a "sneaker," in that no clear presentation of the measure was made. As it appeared on the November ballot it read: "Validation of Legislative Amendments to Alien Land Law. Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 17. Amends section 17, Article 1 of the Constitution. Establishes validity of 1923 and 1943 legislative amendments to initiative measure of 1920 commonly referred to as the Alien Land Law."

Action against Proposition 15 came first in the person of Mike Masaoka, national secretary of the Japanese American Citizens League. He set out on an educational campaign. Up and down the Coast he went, meeting with groups and individuals to present his arguments. In the meanwhile in the little two-room Los Angeles office of the JACL, Eiji Tanabe, with his assistants, was busy turning out "material and information." "We are in the midst of one of the busiest times of our lives," remarked Tanabe. "When Mike is here we really work."

But Mike and his colleagues were not left to work alone. There had always been

groups of fair-minded people who had not been in sympathy with the anti-Japanese movement. The wholesale evacuation of the Japanese Americans from the West Coast had brought home to them, more clearly than anything else could have done, the injustice of race discrimination. Such groups had extended help in the confusing days of evacuation and were already actively at work aiding the returned evacuees in their problems of rehabilitation.

Now they swung into action against Proposition 15. Prominent among the groups was the Commission on Christian Democracy of the Congregational Church, a commission national in scope and functioning as part of the Congregational churches' program of social action. Due to the problems and tensions on the West Coast the Commission had set up a regional office in Los Angeles. It sought the co-operation of pastors, the Council of Protestant Churches, the Church Federation, and denominational heads of churches. The American Civil Liberties Union, the Council for Civic Unity, and many labor unions also joined in the project. Dr. Clark P. Garman, a Congregational minister and executive secretary of the Colorado Committee on Fair Play, came from Denver to give personal help. Dr. Garman had worked actively in the 1943 campaign in Colorado when anti-Japanese groups had endeavored to put through an alien land law and were defeated. In the North Bay area the California Council for Civic Unity—a non-sectarian group—spearheaded the movement in northern California.

All groups met with the JACL and outlined strategy so there would be no waste motion due to overlapping efforts. The methods of the campaign were simple. They included speaking tours, issuing of pamphlets, use of radio plugs, newspaper advertising, and door-to-door canvassing.

COMMON GROUND

Proponents of the bill were busy, too. Most of their arguments carried the time-worn appeals to prejudice. They asked such questions as "Are the Japanese militarists secretly supporting the fight against this amendment?" But they sounded shallow beside Mike Masaoka's simple direct statements.

While admitting that there might be flagrant violations of the law, opponents of Proposition 15 based their thesis on simple justice. Japanese Americans, as a group, they pointed out, had proved themselves loyal to America. After the evacuation, the FBI had given most of them a clean bill of health. They were, therefore, entitled to fair play and decent treatment. Further, the "aliens ineligible to citizenship" at whom the law was aimed in the first place now numbered but a few thousand, and their average age was 65. They could hardly be a "threat" to the country. Directly affected by the administration of the law were the Nisei, many of whom had served in the Army and of whose loyalty there could be no doubt. Practically all of the property involved in the escheat cases had long since passed into the hands of Nisei.

Throughout the summer and early fall, Japanese Americans and their interested friends focused their attention upon the State Supreme Court which was reviewing the Oyama case. The question uppermost in their minds was: What would the decision be and how would it influence the election? Only five days before the election the high tribunal upheld the ruling of the lower court. Whether or not the decision was timed to influence the election is now beside the point, for, in the November voting, Proposition 15 was snowed under: "Yes"—in favor of the proposition—797,067; "No"—against the proposition—1,143,780. The people of California had kept

a "constitutional" law out of the constitution.

An objective evaluation of the defeat of Proposition 15 reveals a few very simple facts. When forces of goodwill unite against injustice and work in an orderly fashion, their influence is effective. In twenty-six years California had so altered its emotional bias toward Japanese Americans that its people declared by overwhelming majority that the 1920 Alien Land Law, conceived as it had been in a fit of racism, had no place in the state constitution.

Nevertheless, the Alien Land Law still remains on the statute books, and the prosecution of escheat cases is proceeding. The decision of the State Supreme Court is of grave concern in that it apparently reverses the decisions handed down in the earlier Yano and Fujita cases, which upheld the right of parents ineligible to citizenship to purchase property for their citizen children. There still remains the hope, however, that, in the future, "court decisions will consider the voice of the people." The Oyama case will be appealed to the United States Supreme Court. If the highest court of the land consents to hear the case, it will have an opportunity to review the entire subject of legislation dealing with "aliens ineligible to citizenship" and to decide upon the constitutionality of the Alien Land Law in the light of the fact that it has been rejected by the sovereign people.

Grace Cable Keroher is assistant director of public information for the Church Federation of Los Angeles. Among her previous contributions to CG are "Plowing the Dew Under," Autumn 1942; "Steppe Children of the Czar," Summer 1943; and "Silkville—Colony of Dreams," Summer 1945.

PEACE ON EARTH

GEORGE E. NORFORD

THE GRAVES of the dead soldiers had been giving up some strange sights, but never before anything like this.

This one lay on the outskirts of the Belgian city of Bastogne where the epic battle was fought. Von Rundstedt tried to push his bulge past Bastogne; he poured his panzers around it—behind it—but the GI's held on; and around Bastogne von Rundstedt was stopped. But many had died before it was all over, and in the ebb and flow of the fight many of their bodies had been left in unmarked graves.

Now the hunt was on around the city to find and identify these bodies to re-bury them with more dignity and reverence in a military cemetery until they were returned home to the quiet cemeteries of their native land.

The reason the searchers had not found this particular grave before was simple. It was not far from the road and it looked like a filled-in fox-hole. The searchers had passed it up time and time again. They would have kept on passing it up had not the rain, which lasted for several days, washed away the loose earth from it. After several days when the sun shone again, some children playing saw the hand and ran gibbering to the American authorities.

So the searchers came and also saw the hand resting lightly in the loose earth, protruding from the rotting sleeve of an Army overcoat.

The searchers, enlisted men from a Quartermaster Graves Registration outfit nearby, started to dig. The body be-

gan to take form and emerge from its coating of earth and stone. Two of the five-man team prepared slings to hoist it from the ground it had inhabited for over a year. But before the slings were brought, one of the searchers who had been digging said, "I think there's another one."

The men watched while the two diggers removed the dirt from the first body and saw the second one lying beside it. After the second body was partly uncovered, the men who were digging paused to look at each other. Without speaking they looked up at the three who stood waiting at the edge of the hole. There was something in the position of the bodies, lying side by side in the hole, that they couldn't quite make out.

Cassidy, the sergeant in charge of the detail, said, "No use wasting time to figure it out now. Let's get 'em outta there."

But before the diggers had uncovered the second body, they knew there was a third, and a little more digging revealed it. They gazed in silence at the bodies of the dead soldiers. They lay side by side, holding hands.

Cassidy, like the other searchers, was a former member of the 101st Airborne Division that had seen action around Bastogne. Like the others in the party, he had re-enlisted in the Regular Army and stayed on in Germany to work with the Quartermaster Graves Registration Service which was conducting this search for bodies. He had been a platoon leader in the 101st and had seen tough fighting

from the time the Airborne Infantry set foot in France. Others had a way of looking to him for decisions; they looked to him now.

"O.K.," said Cassidy. "We'll take 'em out one at a time."

They placed a stretcher next to the hole and, placing the slings under the legs and shoulders of the first body, two of the searchers, one on each sling, stood at the edge of the hole and started to raise the body from it.

They succeeded in uprooting it and lifting it halfway out of the hole. Its hand, however, clung to that of the body next to it. The searchers planted their feet like men engaged in a tug-of-war and pulled. Instead of the hands coming apart, the first body seemed to be lifting the second one up with it from the hole.

It was soon obvious that it would be impossible to get one body out at a time.

Cassidy said, "Lower it back again."

He took a pickax from the truck and stepped down into the hole.

Fixing the point of the pick under the hands of the bodies, he stood on the arms and pulled upward, but the hands held fast.

He relaxed and wiped the sweat from his own hands. He looked up at the others standing over the grave.

"What do you think of it?" Cassidy said.

"It ain't natural," answered one of the men.

"The bodies should be rotting already," another observed.

"Maybe it's the kind of earth that's here—sometimes earth turns bodies to something like stone."

Cassidy was not satisfied. "It ain't natural for them to be holding hands like that. I'm telling you it ain't natural. Especially these three. Take a look at their faces."

But the others had already seen their

faces and it only added to their puzzlement.

In the digging they had unearthed a rusty bayonet, and now Cassidy asked for it. He inserted it the best he could between the hands and tried to pry them apart. The bayonet broke.

In situations such as this, Cassidy had a habit of being very deliberate. Now, deliberately, he climbed from the grave and got into the truck—behind the wheel.

"Stick with 'em, fellers," he said to the searchers. "I'm gonna get the lieutenant."

Cassidy took off down the road. His foot on the accelerator trembled. But this was only a normal reaction. He had bayoneted two Germans to death; coolly, deliberately—even skillfully, he thought—and it was only after it was all over that he had trembled. He wondered if there was any natural explanation for the hands clinging together—but he doubted it. He stopped off at his billet and from the inside pocket of his raincoat hanging behind a door he took a pint bottle of hard-to-get and not-so-good whiskey and helped himself to a liberal shot. He shuddered once, then was himself again. Then he went to Headquarters and reported about the three bodies to the lieutenant.

The lieutenant had come overseas since the end of the war. He was not one to tolerate things not strictly regulations. He looked Cassidy up and down. "Discipline is sure being shot to hell in the whole theater when a Regular Army man like you begins to drink during duty hours. And as for your asinine story, Cassidy, I believe it's that foul stuff you've been drinking."

But he got into his jeep and followed Cassidy out to the field.

When he saw the bodies lying side by side, holding hands as if defiant of any one or any force to separate them, he could only stare.

"They don't make the stuff that'd

make me see things like that," Cassidy said.

The lieutenant said, "It's uncanny. Especially these three. Why these three?"

"That's one for the books," Cassidy said. "What d'you think we oughta do?"

"There are regulations," the lieutenant said. "They must be separated."

Cassidy told him what he had already done and waited for the lieutenant to offer suggestions.

The lieutenant felt futile, but he began talking. Out of talking might come some solution. "Chemicals," he said. "The Army must have some sort of chemicals that can do it—dynamite if necessary. We'll use dynamite if need be and blow them apart. We won a war, Cassidy. Are we going to be stumped by three dead bodies?"

Cassidy knew the lieutenant was being a fool. That "we won a war" line always rubbed him the wrong way. The lieutenant had developed a spread behind in Sixth Service Command headquarters in Chicago until after both V-days when he insisted upon an overseas assignment.

"I don't know about chemicals," Cassidy said, "but as for dynamite, it'd blow the bodies as well as the hands apart. There wouldn't be nothing left if you use dynamite."

"Cover them up," the lieutenant said abruptly. "Get a blanket and cover them up." Then he turned off. "The CO should see this." He got into his jeep and headed back for headquarters.

When the lieutenant told the captain about the bodies, the captain said, "It sounds fantastic." He had fought with the Infantry in Africa, Italy, and Germany. He had seen all kinds of suffering and all kinds of dying and it had made him a solemn and humble man.

"It's one of those things you've got to see to believe," the lieutenant said, "especially these particular three."

The captain left his office with the lieutenant and went out to the field to see for himself.

The enlisted men were sitting around the truck smoking. They nodded at the captain as he approached. They moved over to the hole with him and watched him as he got down into it and lifted the blanket and looked at the grim, firm faces of the dead men. He looked up at the lieutenant and the enlisted men.

"Strange," he said.

He uncovered the upper portions of the bodies and studied for a long time the joined hands.

"Strange," he said.

Then he drew the blanket back over the bodies. He climbed out of the hole.

"Get them out the best way you can, Cassidy," he said. "Load them on the truck and take them on to the cemetery." He turned to the lieutenant. "See that they're prepared for burial. Then get the chaplain and bury them."

"You mean like that?" the lieutenant asked. "Together?"

"I mean like that. Together."

The picture of the cemetery with its 12,000 graves, its white crosses and Stars of David stretching to the horizon in orderly rows and plots and graves according to War Department Regulations, entered the lieutenant's mind. Those were very specific regulations by which the cemetery was laid out. The graves were all of the same dimensions, with the same amount of space separating them. A grave that was wider, with markers closer together, would break up the uniformity.

Out of earshot of the enlisted men the lieutenant complained to the captain. "Division headquarters wouldn't stand for a grave that broke up the lines of the cemetery. They would never believe about these soldiers."

"If they don't believe our story, then

they can dig up the bodies and find out for themselves," the captain replied. "But we'll bury them as they are."

"Besides," the lieutenant said, "the next of kin are being canvassed by the Army to find out whether they want reburial of their dead in national or private cemeteries back home, or prefer to let them stay here. If the next of kin say they want these bodies returned home, they'll have to be separated."

The captain hesitated, then said thoughtfully, "A lot of things happened here on this road to Bastogne. We'll never know all. Who knows but that right here, right around this fox-hole, the thing happened that stopped von Rundstedt and saved our armies? Who knows that these three didn't do it?" He paused. "They wanted to die like that. I respect the wishes of the dead."

The lieutenant kept arguing. "But what if their folks ask that the bodies be returned? Back home the folks won't understand. They won't understand that these men could live and fight and die and even be buried together over here—holding hands. Back home they'll want their dead in separate graves, in cemeteries in their separate little towns. They'll never go for this—especially these three. They'll demand that the bodies be separated."

The captain answered the lieutenant slowly. "Have you ever stopped to think that they might refuse to let themselves be separated?"

"The folks back home would demand that the Army separate them," the lieutenant argued. "They'd write letters to their congressmen. The congressmen would bring pressure. The Army would have to separate them, especially these three."

"Did you take a good look at those hands, Lieutenant?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "You're the

boss. I'll see that a grave is prepared, and I'll tell the chaplain."

When he heard the story and saw the bodies, the chaplain was impressed. "It is truly a manifestation of the brotherhood of man," he said devoutly, "a miracle that should be proclaimed to all the world. It is the Lord's work."

"Maybe so," the lieutenant said, "but it's against regulations. I think the less said about it the better."

At the cemetery the chaplain conducted the most unusual burial service of his civilian or military career. The bodies were buried together holding hands.

The clerk in division headquarters sent letters to the parents of the three soldiers informing them that the bodies of their sons had been found and reburied in a military cemetery with the dignity and ceremony befitting the Army's honored dead. The clerk listed the section, rows, and grave numbers in which they were buried.

One letter went to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bernstein of Brooklyn, New York; one to Mrs. Howard McNaughton of Gulfport, Mississippi; one to Mrs. Julia Turner of Xenia, Ohio.

The clerk, filling out the cards to be filed on the newly buried dead, checked next to "Religion," "Jewish" for Bernstein, "Catholic" for McNaughton, "Methodist" for Turner. Next to "Cause of Death" he wrote on all three, "Shrapnel." Next to "Time" he wrote, "Around Christmas, 1944."

In addition, next to the name "Turner" he placed an asterisk, the Army's way of designating its personnel that is Negro.

During the war, Lt. George E. Norford was field correspondent for *Yank*, the Army weekly. He is now assigned to the Press Section, Public Relations Division, War Department Special Staff.

THE \$64 QUESTION

ISABEL CURRIER

THIRTY-TWO of the 44 audiences to which I spoke last year included at least one person determined to ask the \$64 question. The question, varying in phrasing with the individual's degree of good manners, ranged from: "Are you suggesting that white people ought to entertain colored people in their own homes?" to "Would you marry a Negro?"

Regardless of the subtlety with which the question is posed, every person asking it seems to me to mean the same thing: "Let us be kind to colored people to salve what we call our social consciences, but for the love of our own pose of superiority, let us continue to draw a dark and heavy colored line!"

Before setting out on the major portion of last year's lecture tour, I had been one of the members of a small group of Boston workers for intercultural education privileged to discuss methods—and their proven effectiveness—with Miss Ethel Alpenfels. In the course of her magnificent work as anthropologist, on loan from the University of Chicago to the Bureau for Intercultural Education, Miss Alpenfels had found that it was advisable to avoid the question of miscegenation. She had reached this conclusion for various reasons. The first was that the primary argument of racists against anything resembling intergroup goodwill is based upon the bugaboo of intermarriage. The second was that, so far as social scientists can determine, the question is beside the point anyway. It is a fact that, generally speaking, like

attracts like for marital purposes: most people, in selecting a mate, choose from among the candidates in their immediate background. By avoiding the issue, as of no immediate importance, Miss Alpenfels believed that intercultural educators stood a better chance of putting over the more fundamental and vital aspects of democratic goodwill.

Most of Miss Alpenfels' work has been with students of pre-college age—people who usually are not over-absorbed with such purely prejudicial ideas as threats to the purity of the race. People of this malleable age, as I found when I totted up the results of my lecture tour, never raise "the \$64 question." The 12 audiences among my 44 which failed to raise it were equally divided into two categories. Six of the groups were comprised of persons already united for the purpose of promoting universal understanding, respect, and goodwill. The other six were student groups, ranging in age from the entire enrollment of a parochial school, which teaches first to eighth grades, to the young men and women representing the Newman Club at the University of Minnesota.

My own experience as a lecturer indicates, therefore, that in the purely academic aspects of intercultural education, it isn't necessary to touch upon the irrelevant subject of intermarriage in order to put across the democratic doctrine of respecting one's fellow man. But the other 32 groups of the 44 before whom I appeared were birds of another feather.

They were all adults. They were sincere in wishing to learn more about the race problem, presumably, else they shouldn't have been present to hear me speak. But they didn't want to hear anything that might rub, even gently, against the rigid wall of white supremacy which, appallingly, seems to me to be an accepted premise in our national philosophy.

I had set out determined to follow Miss Alpenfels' advice and avoid the amateur's error of rushing into territory where angels fear to tread. But I had no choice in the matter. I had to meet the \$64 question head on again and again. In wrestling with it, I was obliged to educate myself in how to answer it. And I had a lot of fun, mixed with the pain and torment of this particularly vital bit of self-education. Not being by nature a particularly subtle soul, I learned that I could not walk around the question without jarring the questioners into varying degrees of ill will toward me. Heaven knows, however, that I tried to walk around it!

At my first midwestern lecture, for instance, I was speaking at the annual dinner of a group of Catholic women. My neighbor at dinner, an exceptionally cultivated woman, began by telling me that she had been born and raised in the deep South. She then told me point-blank that some of the club's officers were worried lest I might be "too hard-hitting on the Negro question. It is a question here, and we're afraid that if we have too—well, too radical—a speaker, we might create a great deal more opposition to our intercultural program before it is well under way." I assured her that I was more interested in making converts to intergroup goodwill than in widening breaches; and that I realized, Easterner though I am, that I was on the edge of the Jim Crow belt. Be-

sides, I told her, there was nothing radical in my general theme of pleading for fair employment, decent housing, an attitude of live-and-help-live as essential to democratic peace.

"But," she insisted delicately, "you Northerners—or Easterners—do have rather radical ideas, especially to those of us who are southern-bred. For instance—I do hope you don't mind my asking—would you receive a 'nigra'—socially, I mean—in your own home?"

I would and did, I told her—not as "nigras"—but as friends, cherished for the usual attributes one finds in friends: companionability, compatibility of personality, community of interests, etc. "Don't you see," my dinner companion exclaimed in alarm, "how unfortunate it would be if you should say something like that in your speech? It would be very shocking to most of your audience and would quite overshadow anything constructive you might have to say. Someone would be sure to ask you if you approve of intermarriage—mind you, I'm sure that you don't—but someone would certainly ask if you would want your daughter to marry a 'nigra.'"

She paused. "I have no daughters," I informed her. "I am a spinster."

She was not to be stalled. "Then they would probably ask if you, yourself, would marry a 'nigra!'"

My attention was claimed by the neighbor on my other side. When I turned back, I learned that The Question had not been dropped.

"Would you marry a 'nigra?'" my neighbor asked.

"I don't know," I hedged. "The problem has never been presented to me. No Negro ever has asked me to marry him."

"But would you? These problems are very real, particularly to us Catholics. Our faith requires the active exercise of Christian charity, but—"

THE \$64 QUESTION

I saw my opening and dived toward it. "Of course, to us Catholics," I interrupted, "racism is no problem at all. Our faith requires that we marry within it, of course. And I need hardly remind you that marriage within the faith would certainly include colored peoples."

"Oh!" the lady exclaimed and, after a moment, proved her basic sincerity by adding, "Touché!"

I admit, with shame, that I felt rather smug about that episode. I had walked around The Question and emerged unscathed, with a small aura of glory to boot. Moreover—although I didn't realize it at the time—I had postponed the inevitable day when I would have to think The Question through from all possible angles and prepare myself to face it as an adult should.

Meanwhile, I had to live though several other childish tilts with words on the subject, in all of which my effort was no higher than to get the better of the questioner for my own aggrandizement.

There was a heckler at my next mid-western stop (also southern by birth and training) who happened to be my host, since the meeting at which we clashed was held in his home. The mistress of the house—not her husband—was chairman of the day's program. I gathered that he was not the least bit in sympathy with his wife's "radical" interests and that he felt in honor bound to take his displeasure, as an innocent bystander, out on me. At any rate, he was so rude as to cause his wife acute public discomfort and—God forgive me!—I was just as rude as he was.

He began by saying that he had enjoyed my talk because he "always liked to hear how other people think" and he understood that I was "a northern lady." Sensing that I was about to be baited, I waited for a question. He said

that if he had understood me correctly, I was asking people to treat "kikes" and 'niggers' as if they were white folks." I replied that I was certainly saying that democracy had to work for all the peoples living under it, or admit its failure. He had another question: "Maybe you don't know the term, being a northern lady, but are you what we in these parts would call a 'nigger lover'?"

A woman sprang up to save me—as I thought. She volunteered the information that there were "no race problems in Indiana. Colored folks have their place and white folks theirs, and we get along all right, just as we have for generations. Letting colored folks into things where they don't belong results in injury to them, and it's our duty to protect them." She illustrated the performance of this protective duty. The local high school's basketball team, she told me, featured three colored players, in a series of games with surrounding towns.

"The regular players on all opposing teams have a regular program of fouling our colored boys," she said, "and there isn't an umpire in the state who will penalize them for it. All the basketball fans know that, and you have to stand in line to get in to see a game, because folks want to see how much fouling the colored boys will take. If they tried to fight about it, you can bet there'd be a riot! Folks just won't stand for colored folks getting uppity, even if they are good basketball players. The way we figure it, if we put a stop to the fouling, the colored players would think they could dance with our girls after the game."

My host was not silenced by the lady's exposition of the sporting rules of local basketball games. He was on his feet in a second with The Question.

"You're a northern lady," he informed me for the third time. "I happen to be

COMMON GROUND

a southern gentleman. As a southern gentleman to a northern lady, I put it to you in plain words: would you marry a 'nigger?'"

There was a concerted gasp at the question and tense expectation. "We do think differently in the North," I hedged. "For instance, a northern gentlewoman would not feel called upon to answer so personal a question; a northern gentleman would not, I feel sure, ask it."

That broke up the fencing match because the "southern gentleman" apologized. So did his wife. I was feeling smug again in the warm atmosphere of sympathy for my part in the encounter when realization struck me. The outrage on my behalf was in the general impression that no "lady" should be asked if she would marry a Negro because, of course, no "lady" would dream of such a thing! My smart-aleck rebuke had made me appear, unwittingly, to share that concerted thinking!

Obviously, if I were to be adequate to the job I was trying to do, I should have to objectify my own thinking so as not to be thrown off by use of the second-person singular in every \$64 question hurled at me. I still didn't reckon on use of the first-person possessive!

My next encounter was with a member of a Minneapolis women's group. A woman wanted my help with "a serious problem" in her own family. Her daughter, a college Junior, had selected a colored girl as her best friend since freshman year. The two girls were inseparable and the mother never had interfered because it was a stimulating and valuable intellectual friendship on both sides. "But now both girls are interested in boys and my daughter insists on inviting her colored chum to all of her parties at home. Don't you think I should put a stop to the friendship?"

"Why?" I asked. "Is the colored girl an objectionable character?"

"Oh, no!" the mother said. "She's a lovely girl. If only she were white! But my daughter invites her boy friends to mixed parties, and her girl friend goes with a colored boy, naturally. When they come to our house they expect to dance with the hostess. I can't have my daughter, or her white friends, dancing with colored boys. First thing we know one of them will want to marry a colored boy."

Here was where Miss Alpenfels' objective certainty that intermarriage should not be a problem for several generations might have given assurance. But the personal pronoun misled me again and I made the wrong—and obvious—answer: that so farfetched a reason did not seem to me sufficient to disrupt a fine friendship and bring pain to two high-minded young people. The lady snapped: "Well, I have some social standards to maintain," and left the hall.

Back East, I happened to be on a train with a friend, a sociologist who happens to be colored. He was telling me animatedly about his child's newest didoes when I became aware of a disturbance across the aisle. Two couples, facing each other on a double seat, were looking our way darkly and angrily, muttering to each other the while. I glanced around to see what disturbing spectacle they were witnessing and realized, with a shock, that they were ganged up in resentment of a colored man and a white woman a-journeying together in evident amiability. As we left the train, one of the two glowering men said, with obvious intent to be heard: "There'll come a day when these 'niggers' can't get away with playing around our white women. I saw all I'm going to take of that in the Army!"

THE \$64 QUESTION

One of his women companions chimed in: "If you ask me," she volunteered, "'nigger' men aren't nearly as low down as the white women who consort with them."

I was obliged to remind myself forcibly that one "northern lady" striking another is assault and battery. But I had learned, at long last, the reason for my subjective defensiveness whenever The Question was hurled at me. I had a chance to demonstrate the value of this new self-knowledge to myself within less than a week.

I chanced to speak to a church group in what Massachusetts calls "a Cape town." A young war veteran in the audience asked if I didn't think there were limits to what "decent people" would accept in the name of unity.

"If we were to look out of the window and see a white woman walking down the street with one of this town's 'Portuguese Negroes,'" he said, "everybody in this room would be up in arms—or should be!"

"Why?" I asked. "Don't the citizens of this town believe in the rights of the individual? Hasn't any woman—or man—a right to choose her company?"

The young veteran gave me a slow look of calculated contempt. "A 'nigger' goes with a white woman for only one reason," he said.

I related my experience on the train the week before. I told them that it was my personal dignity which was outraged at the presumption of sexual laxity in the minds of strange onlookers. I asked the young man how he would react if anyone questioned his walking the streets of the town with any woman of his choice.

"I'd smash their damned dirty-minded faces for them," he vowed. "But," he added, "I'm not dirty-minded. I know

these Portuguese 'niggers'—have known 'em since I was born. During the depression I worked on construction gangs with them. Give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile. We used to have two water bottles—one for white men and one for the Portuguese, because we all knew that they're all diseased, being 'niggers.' Once, we had no water bottle for the Portuguese. Some of us talked it over and decided to offer them ours, after we'd drunk all we wanted, planning to break the bottle or leave it for their use. They all refused our water bottle. They almost attacked us with their shovels! They said they'd rather be thirsty than run the risk of our diseases! Imagine that!"

"If you were given a water bottle as a foul creature," I asked, "would you accept it?"

He thought for a long moment. "I guess I'd smash it in the face of the guy who offered it," he admitted.

We got on beautifully with our discussion period after that. The capacity for self-projection seemed to have triumphed over The \$64 Question.

I used the same approach to The Question only last week with most heartening results. My questioner not only understood the application of the Golden Rule; she thought up an analogy. "In our society, it is the woman who chooses her mate," she said, "and I remember, after the first World War, how men who had been maimed broke their engagements through some mistaken sense of honor. When, once in awhile, a girl managed to persuade a crippled veteran that she wanted to marry him, everyone felt sorry for her and spoke of her as if she were a little queer. Now, thank God, no one believes that the misfortunes of war should set any man apart from full realization of his natural place in society. Maybe, in another 25 years or so,

COMMON GROUND

it will not be a 'misfortune of war' to have been born colored. Nobody will think anything of intermarriage."

Our discussion went on happily. I quoted Gunnar Myrdal's finding that the colored American rarely thinks of intermarriage as a goal for his people; only the white supremacy advocates raise it as a specter intended to confound.

By meeting The \$64 Question forthrightly, with all the information at one's command, the seeker after human justice seems certain to dissolve the specter into the thin air in which it belongs. And the insistence upon self-projection into any problem of man invariably brings a heartening storm to break the atmospheric tension surrounding the moot question. I now hear a chorus of democratic assertion to warm the heart and lighten the hope for the future:

I am an American citizen. I may make my friendships where I choose; may marry whom I choose; may go where I choose, when I choose, with whomever I choose, because I choose. That is what being an American does for me. I will not tolerate a society in which my freedom of choice, as an individual, is questioned. If I am unable to ride on a street car in the deep South beside my friend, the darkly handsome young novelist, my civil rights are being impugned. If my private morality is subjected to prejudgment by ignorant strangers, it is my personal integrity that is denounced. How dare another American impeach my honor as a fellow American? How dare they insult my friends?

I am not helpless against them. I can insist that the society of which I am a part respect my freedom of choice. I

can demand that laws denying my freedom of choice by segregating me from my fellow man be repealed. I can demand their repeal on the additional grounds that laws preventing my free association with my fellow man prevent me from the free practice of my religion—a sacred right upon which the Constitution of my government is founded. And I can—I must—and I will show other citizens how injustice against another group makes them, personally, the victims of intolerable injustice. I will not submit to policing of my movements, to questioning of my sexual morality, to unmerited suspicion of my respectability. I will not, by refusal to answer personal questions, appear to deny my own principles of universal human respect.

Bring on The \$64 Question. "Would I marry a Negro?" Fellow citizens, my private ideas about marriage are none of your business! "Would I want my daughter to marry a Negro?" I would want my daughter to choose a man dedicated to the highest social principles mankind has been able to discover. If my daughter should choose to marry one who believes in the ridiculous doctrine of white supremacy, I should pray God to save her from a life partner unworthy of any American woman.

Regular COMMON GROUND readers will remember Isabel Currier as the author of "Prejudice Among the Unprejudiced" in our Spring 1945 number and "How Do Children Learn Such Things?" in the Summer issue of the same year. She is vice-chairman of the Francis Sweeney Committee in Boston.

PERSPECTIVE

SARA KING CARLETON

Over the chimney tops, over the roofs of the city
Night falls,
And the stars come out through the clouds as the lights in the buildings
Pierce black walls.

Nothing a man can do can alter the heavens.
Nothing he knows
Will unroll the scroll of tomorrow, will reach the eternal;
And those

Who lean from their windows, as I do, lean from their windows
Examining sky,
Demanding an answer from things that can give no answer,
Hear no reply.

But the man next door can answer, can call to his brother
Across the night.
For we share the day, we inhabit a world together,
And he sees my light.

We are one and the same, we are close, we are kindled in living
As tallow and spark,
And the candles we lift together illumine forever
The hollow dark.

Sara King Carleton is a Connecticut poet who writes for a variety of periodicals.

COME HOLY GHOST

GERTRUDE S. CLEARY

FRANCES SHEA, Annie Cusack, Sheila McNichols, Ruth Gensert, Peggy Dixon, and Evangeline McMahon." Sister Burtina called my name the last of the six. It was a sort of afterthought. With Mother President of the Altar and Rosary Sodality and Dad President of the Holy Name Society, I was a cinch anyway.

"You six girls have been chosen angels this year. Stay in your places. The rest of the class march over to the church. This morning we begin practicing for the Holy Thursday Procession."

It was Ash Wednesday morning in the first-grade room of Our Lady Queen of Martyrs School. My forehead still bore the black smudge of the ashes which had been ground into it that morning to remind me that all of man's vanity ends at the grave, but my heart burst with pride. This year I would be an angel.

Our parish was famous for its Holy Thursday Procession. Every Holy Thursday in my memory I had been taken to church to see the Procession. To me, the angels who marched backward at the end of the Procession strewing rose petals in the path of the priest who carried the Sacred Host in the Ciborium were the most glamorous creatures in the world. Now I was to be one. I was to be a key figure in that dazzling ceremony to commemorate the Last Supper.

I sat very still as Sister explained what a great honor had befallen me. Because I was the littlest, I would be the lead

angel. I would set the pace. On my thin shoulders would rest the terrific burden of making this Procession the most beautiful in the history of our parish.

Sister eloquently explained to us the great Miracle of the Last Supper. Then the pastor, Father O'Toole, came in and talked to us angels. The six of us took notes home that day.

Mother read mine after supper. "Your daughter Evangeline has been chosen for our Lead Angel in the Holy Thursday Procession," it said. "Her angel costume will be fifty cents, complete with wings. Her wreath will be seventy-five cents. With your permission she begins practicing tomorrow morning."

"Let me see your note, Loretto," Mother said to my sister who was a sixth-grade marcher. "Well, you have the white dress and veil and stockings from last year," she mused aloud as she perused the note. "But you'll need new white shoes and your flower will be seventy-five cents. It won't be easy to manage this year, but I think I have a way figured out," she said.

She removed the fern from the taboret in the living room. In its place she put a cardboard shoe box with a slot in the top.

"You'll give up shows and candy for Lent, won't you, children? Now then, every Saturday night put that money in this box. If you get any pennies for going to the store, they go in here too, Evangeline. Loretto, you'll have to earn extra this year. I wonder if your uncle would give

COME HOLY GHOST

you something for addressing those penny postcards for that coal company he works for." Mother looked worried.

My brother spoke up. "Don't worry, Mom," he said. "I knew Evie would have to pay to be an angel this year so I asked Sol. He said I can deliver suits and dresses and other dry cleaning for him Sundays from now until Easter. I'll have that extra besides the Saturday grocery store deliveries. That'll make the difference." He tried to keep the pride out of his voice.

"Oh, Eddie, that's just fine," Mother said. "I don't know how we'd ever manage without you! Thank goodness, you go to a public school. We could never afford Holy Thursday clothes for three! Now we can easily swing Evangeline's being Lead Angel. I'll be the proudest mother in the parish."

"You sure are lucky," my sister said. "I'll never forget the year I was an angel!" She looked at me enviously and sank into a reverie.

Next morning the entire eight grades of Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Grammar School began practicing marching. The school rehearsed every day during Lent. Day after day I sat and watched the Sisters transform blithe children into martial robots. We six angels sat together in the last pew of the middle aisle of the church so we might become familiar with the performance. We watched as the others marched down the middle aisle, genuflected, and filed into the pews. Then Sister Superior clapped her hands once—they all stood. Two claps of her hands, and they made a half-turn left. On the third clap, they filed one by one out of the pews and began marching down the middle aisle and up the side aisles of the church. This procedure was repeated over and over daily from 10:30 until 11:30. Every once in a while the

Sisters would go into a huddle and come up with an added frill such as a slightly longer lingering at each pew—to the time-worn routine.

About once a week the pastor and Father Keene, his assistant, would come over and observe the marching. This was an hour of great travail for the Sisters. Father O'Toole held out for absolute gradation as to the size of the marchers. The Sisters well knew which children wore the nicest clothes and were sent to school with the cleanest hands and faces. They were willing to sacrifice perfect size for these material advantages. But since Father's word was absolute, they made the necessary changes, hoped for the best, and "offered it up." As the rehearsal progressed, there was less and less of changing places of the children because of one-thirty-second of an inch of difference in height.

Meantime in the choir loft, the eighth-grade girls rehearsed "Pange Lingua" interminably. At first they practiced with the organ but, with the progression of Lent, they became dependent for pitch solely on the strong, clear soprano of Sister Mary Celeste. They were being conditioned for the a cappella singing on Holy Thursday morning.

As the time came closer, Sister's angelic singing would stop abruptly and she'd scream shrilly, "Now start that over again at the beginning, girls. You're going to get this perfect if you have to stay here until nine o'clock tonight."

We angels rehearsed separately in the side aisle under the direction of our first-grade teacher. The first day I cried at my inability to walk backward. In time, though, I acquired the grace of Nijinsky. As I walked backward, I plucked nonexistent petals from nonexistent flowers and dropped them gracefully to the floor. By 11:30 I was hungry and tired enough to drop. However, my physical

COMMON GROUND

sufferings were forgotten in the exciting anticipation of Holy Thursday.

The Monday after Passion Sunday the church was bleak. The statues were shrouded in deep purple. Even the tiny crucifix over the Tabernacle went into mourning. The effect was at once depressing and terrifying. But it reminded us that the end was in sight.

Each of those long days saw another day of tedious practicing behind us and the big show a little closer. On the morning of the Monday in Holy Week, Mother folded ten dimes and five nickels in a sheet of note paper for me to give to the Sister. The "Flower Money" was due that morning. Some of the children couldn't afford "Flower Money." The Sisters didn't like to deprive any of the children of the privilege of being in the Holy Thursday Procession because of this deficit, so they required three days to bargain with the local florist.

Cut flowers were an unknown in our house. My mother hadn't had a "store" flower since her wedding day. She had planted an elderberry bush next to the garbage can and tried to coax the bloom of life into some discouraged four-o'clocks and morning-glories. My only other contact with floral life was the florist's window. I never passed it without stopping and gazing longingly at the display. The realization that I should carry real flowers made Holy Thursday a day of fascination.

Tuesday in Holy Week, each pew bore a numbered sticker. The "Mercies" took no chances on the youthful communicants getting lost and so marching out of order. Some of the ladies of the parish who enjoyed single blessedness hovered around the church. Mike, the janitor, had three assistants during these busy days. One was Herman, a feeble-minded neighbor of ours. Herman knocked over a pail of scrub water one day watching us

go through our paces. But he and the other two unbright young men made up for their simple-mindedness by their brawn and long hours of labor. The altars were scrubbed and all the floor space in the church really shone. The altar railing was polished until it looked like gold. The stands for the vigil lights were overhauled. The pews were all varnished. The heavy odor of this varnish and the smell of the hundreds of hot children made me sick. The last days were the most trying of all.

The last day, Spy Wednesday, the practicing was superb. From first to eighth grade, the marchers were aligned precisely according to height. Their gradation was as perfect as though done by a machine in a canning factory. The eighth-grade girls' singing was beautifully on pitch without organ accompaniment. Their Latin pronunciation was majestic.

Since Monday, we angels had been practicing with real flowers. The florist had munificently supplied us with withered roses in faded green wicker baskets. I learned the technique of appearing to strew the petals lavishly, all the while hoarding each precious one and not letting it slip to the floor until absolutely imperative. It would have been disastrous to run out of petals before the end of the Procession. I fingered each withered rose lovingly before I scrupulously stripped it of its petals. The amount of floor space I could cover with the petals from a single rose was phenomenal.

The final rehearsal was over at noon. School was dismissed until the Tuesday after Easter. Holy Thursday was so close I began to get stage fright. Confessions were heard Spy Wednesday night. After this, the church doors were securely locked. Then the Sisters, the janitor, the ladies of the Altar and Rosary Sodality, the Holy Name men, and the florist took over. Armed with ladders, yards of white

COME HOLY GHOST

satin and ribbon, their mouths filled with pins, they went to work to transform the barren altar into a celestial bower for its mystical Guest.

I went to bed at nine-thirty that night but couldn't get to sleep. About eleven o'clock Mother and Dad, who had been over at the church "decorating," came home.

"How does it look?" I implored Mother.

"Like heaven," she answered simply. "Go to sleep or you'll be all tired out tomorrow morning."

I tried to sleep, but my dreams came fast and troubled. They were filled with angels floating through celestial space backward. One of them looked like me. She tripped. Her flowers spilled in all directions. I woke up screaming. My forehead was covered with perspiration.

My sister called to Mother. "Mother, will you please make her stop?" she begged. "I can't sleep with her jumping around and hollering."

"Then go on the couch, Loretto." Mother came into the room. "Angels are always nervous. You were almost as bad. She's so high-strung," I heard her mutter as she led my sleepy sister into the living room. Mother slept with me that night. She held my hand, rubbed my back soothingly, and said, "It'll all be over this time tomorrow night, dear."

Our alarm went off at six a.m. Holy Thursday morning. Despite our baths of the previous night, my sister and I performed some last minute scrubbing. There was a scramble to get Loretto into her finery. What little hair I had on my head, Mother combed scrupulously into a topknot on which the Sisters could pin the wreath.

She left for work at seven-fifteen, shouting back, "How I wish I could see it! Change your clothes the minute you get home. If anybody takes any pictures,

try to squeeze in, Evangeline. Loretto, be sure not to break your fast. Remember, don't take a drink of water no matter how excited you get."

She ran into the house again to write a note for my brother to give to his teacher explaining the reason for his tardiness that day. It read:

Dear Miss Lacey:

Please excuse Edward for being late. He had to go to religious services. He is a Catholic.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. E. F. McMahon

Almost all the public school kids in our neighborhood presented similar notes to their teachers on Holy Thursday. No matter what they were the other 364 days of the year, on Holy Thursday they were "Catliks."

In true Holy Thursday tradition, it was raining. The "angel" couldn't run the risk of being splashed. My brother wrapped me in his raincoat and carried me on his back to school.

I arrived at eight-fifteen. Mass was at nine o'clock. I scarcely recognized my schoolmates. Could these boys and girls in snowy white with scrubbed faces and hands be my classmates? They were so elegant they seemed more like strangers.

The Sisters worked hurriedly distributing the single lilies to the older children.

Despite clear-cut instructions sent home via notes, there were always some mothers who thought they could substitute style for modesty in their daughters' dresses. The Sisters prepared for these recalcitrants by arming themselves with needles, thread, and yards of white muslin. The occasional arm, bare to the elbow, was completely sheathed to the wrist in white muslin, regardless of the material of which the dress was fashioned.

To the bottom of any dress that exposed a suggestion of a kneecap, was added a generous hem of white muslin. Mothers of these girls became infuriated when they saw their fashion plates in the Procession in altered attire. But next year they followed prescribed procedure as to their daughters' dresses. Boys who appeared in black stockings, minus a tie, or any other item classified "Out of Uniform" were dispatched home with notes to remedy the situation immediately. Some of them arrived back at school, panting, and made the grade. Others were too late and found themselves spectators rather than "marchers"—a frustrating finale to weeks of practicing.

My white silk stockings were sagging a little around my ankles. Sister jerked them up. One garter snapped rebelliously. She used four huge safety pins to anchor the garters front and back to my ferris waist. The stockings were so tight I was rendered practically immovable. Then she pulled the long white cheesecloth angel robe over my head. I stood transfixed as she sewed the huge silver wings firmly on my shoulders. When she finished, I was ready to fly. But the tightness of my stockings made movement of any kind almost impossible. I knew it was useless to protest and hoped I'd loosen up before we began marching.

I saw my flower basket and quivered with joy. The faded green wicker had been gilded with shimmering gold. There were at least a dozen red rosebuds in that basket. Real flowers, and around the basket was a huge white taffeta ribbon tied in an elaborate bow.

I walked over to the Art Sister to have my wreath pinned on. I winced as the huge black hairpins dug into my scalp. They pierced it with a constant rhythm every time I moved my head. I was also beginning to feel slightly numb. I began to think the circulation was completely

cut off in my white pinioned legs. Sister was pleased with my appearance, though. We six angels were sent to Sister Superior for a final inspection, and she was very enthusiastic. She told us to be sure to go to the lavatory and when we came back to stand in the corner of the room. After innumerable trips to the toilet, we were ready for the take-off.

At precisely eight-fifty-five, the grammar grades of Our Lady Queen of Martyrs School marched triumphantly into the church. There was an accompaniment of parental murmurings of "Ain't they beautiful?" "Just look at little Evie McMahon!" "Ain't it a pity her ma works and can't see her today?" "I always like the angels best of all." "I wouldn't miss it for a farm." "I've got four in it this year." Some of the fathers with alcohol on their breaths even at that hour stood in the back of the church. They gave loud snorts, blew their noses, and didn't touch the stuff again until Easter Saturday. I finally reached the pew which bore my number. I took my place with great dignity—fast action was impossible with my legs pinioned in those tight stockings. Mass commenced.

After the Sanctus, the congregation's attention was called to the more solemn parts of the Mass by wooden clappers, rather than by the ringing of a bell. "This is the time," I thought. "They've come now to take Our Lord away to kill Him." Now begins the agony of the Passion—the most bloody tragedy of all time, bearable only because of the unsurpassed generosity of the Miracle of the Last Supper. The faces of even the worst eighth-grade boys underwent a change at the hollow sound of those clappers. We all visualized our own childish version of the ghastly, brutal road to Calvary.

Our fearful apprehensions ended abruptly when, Mass over, we heard the familiar clap of Sister Superior's hands.

COME HOLY GHOST

We all rose. The second clapping of her hands rang out over the scuffling and banging. We made the oft-rehearsed half-turn left. Then came the last clap. The



Procession was under way. From the choir loft came the first full sturdy notes of "Pange Lingua." The marchers carried a calla lily in one hand, a hymn card in the other. Despite the fact that the English translation of "Pange Lingua"

was written alongside the Latin, I don't believe any of the children ever so much as glanced at it. Such solemn occasions require the obsolete Latin tongue. To understand exactly what we were singing would have detracted too much from the pageantry.

Down the middle aisle they marched toward the back of the church. The mothers produced their handkerchiefs and set up a subdued keening. The Sisters, kneeling in the back, glowed with religious fervor and pride in their well-trained classes. From time to time, a black sleeve would reach out and grab a child more interested in seeing his relatives and friends than carrying out the "eyes down" instructions of the Sisters. The Sisters would hiss, "Get even with your partner," to such woolgatherers. "Keep your eyes down. Don't stumble." The ushers officiously ran around the back of the church keeping the eager audience out of the way of the marchers. They distributed dirty looks to those parents who pushed or shoved, striving for a better view of their children.

As the tallest eighth-grade boy left his pew and started marching down the middle aisle, I led out the angels. We turned our backs upon our classmates and faced our Eucharistic King. After us came six altar boys carrying lighted candles. They were followed by four altar boys with the incense. Next came the two assistant priests, one on each side, holding Father O'Toole's vestment. He walked under a white satin canopy—it was huge and heavy and held aloft by four of the strongest boys in the school. The canopy was edged in gold fringe. In Father O'Toole's hands he bore the Sacred Host in the Ciborium.

As in a dream, I continued my backward progress. The petals fell surely and sparsely. My eyes never for a moment

wavered from the Presence of Our Guest, the mystical heavenly King.

All the children were singing now. As we angels spread apart up and down the side aisles, our little voices, separated



from the well-trained older songsters, found themselves on different lines and in a variety of keys, contributing to the spell of our innocence. "Pange Lingua" is a solid chant and retains its intrinsic beauty regardless of rendition.

After about half an hour I had covered at least a square mile. Despite my astute and artistic hoarding, my petals were all distributed. The Sacred Host was placed in the Tabernacle on the left-hand altar. After Benediction we marched down the main aisle and home.

I changed my clothes quickly and dashed back to the church. I still hadn't had enough of that wondrous altar. I sat in the very first pew and looked upon it. It was encased in white satin pleated perfectly from the ceiling to the floor. Artistic rosettes of white ribbon were gathered

in thin air as though by da Vinci. There were ferns and palms by the hundreds and white Easter lilies—real—in towering gold vases. I knelt open-mouthed and drank in the beauty and fragrance. Forgotten was the drudgery of practicing, in that moment of the greatest beauty and luxury I had ever witnessed. That altar was the white orchid carefully nurtured in the purple penitential overtones of the Lenten season. All that was beautiful in my world paid silent, fragrant tribute to Christ, the Eucharistic King.

My sister Loretto and her friends dragged me away. "Come on. We're going to visit churches," she said.

We spent a frenzied morning walking to all the churches within a radius of five miles. They made several visits to each church, reaping indulgences. I just sat spellbound in the front pew and gave myself up to the beauty and romance of the flowers and white decorations.

On the way home, Loretto and her friends gave expert opinions on the comparative beauty of the different displays.

"I think Visitation's flowers are the best," Loretto said.

"Yeah, but St. Martin's has the most," her girl friend answered. They argued, each hotly contesting quality versus quantity.

That afternoon, Loretto and her friends took the streetcar to visit further places of grandeur. I went back to our parish church. I sat in the front pew looking. Gradually the beauty which had so thrilled me began to hurt. A sharp sadness swept through me. I felt as though some one were turning a screw driver very deliberately inside my heart. The fragrance of the flowers began to suffocate me. I was crying when Sister Burtina saw me in the vestibule.

"Why, Evangeline, dear, what's the matter? You were so happy this morning. Tell Sister, dear. What's wrong?"

SLIPPERS FOR THE PRESIDENT

"It's that altar," I sobbed. The tears drenched her starched white guimpe.

"The altar? Don't you think it's beautiful, dear?" she asked, rather shocked.

"Oh, yes," I answered quickly. "I've never seen anything so beautiful in all my life."

"Then what is it, dear?" she questioned further.

"It's just that it's too beautiful," I answered. "I can't pray. I just sit there and look."

"And what do you think when you look at the altar, Evangeline?" Sister asked.

"Oh, how I wish it looked like that every day—not just Holy Thursday. But that every day the altar had flowers like those. And the kids—I mean children—this morning. I wish they wore white clothes every day and weren't ever dirty. I wish I wore wings every day, had real

flowers and everyone said I was beautiful. I wish, oh, I wish I could just sit and look at Our Lord on that beautiful altar every day. I just love Him. But I can't pray."

"Darling, that's praying. Just pretend it is that way every day. The things you're thinking are real prayers. Just as much as a 'Hail Mary.' Come in with me and pray some more."

Sister Burtina took my hand. Together we went down on both knees and into the first pew. I gazed adoringly at the altar. There He was again surrounded by beauty. I began to count the vases of flowers.

Gertrude S. Cleary was born in Chicago and is a graduate of Mundelein College there. A free-lance writer, she now lives in Washington.

Bernadine Custer is the illustrator.

SLIPPERS FOR THE PRESIDENT

JOHN I. KOLEHMAINEN

THIS is a simple story—a shoemaker sends a pair of slippers to the President of the United States.

Before leaving Finland, Aapo Koivukoski like many others had heard and read damning statements about America. The Land of License it was contemptuously called, the home of all wickedness. Just look at the unfortunate emigrants returning from a demoralizing American sojourn! "When they return home," pointed out the Oulu Hengellinen Kuukausilehti, a religious journal, "they bring back with them only vices and entirely false ideas." Well-nigh unchallenged in the Old Country around the turn of the

century was the belief that morality and culture disintegrated in the New World.

But the young and foolhardy disregarded black looks and ominous warnings. Aapo Koivukoski and several hundred thousand of his countrymen gave the Hanko Beacon a final, sometimes tear-blurred glance and then turned eager, yet somewhat anxious eyes westward toward the Atlantic Ocean.

For most of them, emigration brought a rewarding harvest. At least Aapo was convinced of that. Once having settled down in East Tawas, Michigan, he found his earlier misgivings melting away in the promising dawn of a new life. Passing

days swelled his praise for America. Was he not *Mr. Koivukoski*, not any longer a mere unnamed and unrecognized farm-hand! A citizen in a *frii contri* with equal rights and privileges. His shoeshop was prospering; his children were growing up strong and self-reliant (and mischievous! so Old Country visitors insinuated) like other American youngsters. Truly America had smiled upon him!

Aapo and his fellow Finnish Americans were greatly pleased to learn in later years that the old misconceptions held by their distant kinfolk were yielding to a more sympathetic and accurate appraisal of America's unique contribution. It was heartwarming to hear a Finland leader say publicly that the immigrants' adopted fatherland had provided them with a "soft and warm soil in the depths of which their roots grew strong." And, again, to read in the writings of one of Finland's great professors: "Only America has opened life's motherly face to the Finnish-Americans. Only America has truly opened the souls of these people. . . . Only America has shown them life in its positive aspects, only it has offered them the possibilities of a life worthy of a human being."

Long before Aapo Koivukoski's good fortune reached its zenith, he resolved to write a letter, one that was both unusual and bold for an immigrant. Addressed to President McKinley—the letter was dated February 24, 1897—the shoemaker demanded neither favor nor position, but asked humbly: Would the president accept a pair of Finnish slippers?

"Make them size 7½" came the electrifying word from Washington. Aapo's supreme challenge had come. Slowly, carefully, a shapeless piece of leather—responding to an ancient skill now energized by a high calling—was transformed into a pair of slippers the rival of which could be found only in fairy tales. A

wind-swept day in late March helped proud Aapo make his way to the East Tawas post office, under his right arm the most precious of packages. Destination—

President William McKinley
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Anxious days followed. Had the slippers been delivered? Did they fit? Was the President pleased?

The calendar in the shoemaker's shop marked off a week. No word. Then it came: the resplendent official stationery of the White House; the impressive signature of the president's secretary, John Addison Porter; and the words: "The President directs me to express his appreciation of the courtesy you have extended to him." Aapo Koivukoski's joy was as wide as his beloved America.

As if on the winged feet of Lapland's swiftest couriers, the amazing news spread throughout the immigrant world. Finn greeting Finn paused to ask: "Have you heard . . . ?" Newspapers featured stories about the "Presidential shoemaker." Everywhere Finnish immigrants rested more peacefully, secure in the knowledge that the cares of high office were being alleviated by a pair of soft, pliant, Finnish slippers on the feet of their favorite president.

In the storm of congratulations, no one stopped to ask Aapo why he had undertaken to shoe the president. Everyone seemed to realize that Aapo Koivukoski was paying—with a pair of slippers—his highest debt of gratitude to America.

On the faculty of Heidelberg College, John I. Kolehmainen has written several earlier pieces on Finnish Americans for CG. He worked last year under a grant-in-aid from the Social Science Research Council on a history of the Finns.

RISE AND FALL OF THE GERMAN AMERICANS IN BALTIMORE

DIETER CUNZ

IN World War I between the United States and Germany, many an American citizen of German descent was ostracized by his fellow countrymen; an innocent vegetable called sauerkraut was renamed liberty cabbage; a dachshund was looked upon with suspicion; and the people in a curious mixture of patriotism and self-denial deprived themselves of the pleasure of hearing German music. This wave of hysteria, which swept through all realms of life from the kitchen to the concert hall, did not last very long. When it was over, every decent American felt ashamed that it had happened. If the relationship of the two countries had to undergo another trial, this question would be handled in a more mature way.

The second trial came. And for once it turned out that people did learn from history. The country went into the second war with Germany, went through it, came out of it—without any large-scale anti-German excesses. The citizens of German descent attended their German sermons if they wanted to, kept up their German societies, read their German newspapers without being accused of treason and disloyalty.

One of the reasons for this change was that after 1920 the German Americans as a political bloc had disappeared from the American scene. As a political, sociological, and psychological phenomenon they had come into existence immediately after the Civil War, had risen to great prominence around the turn of the

century, but were crushed under the blows of the war of 1917-18.

The emergence of the German American as a type must be understood from the political conditions of the decade preceding the Civil War. In the early '50s, two elements arose which clashed violently with each other—the American nativists, called Know Nothings, and the liberal German refugees, the Forty-eighters, who, after the abortive German revolution, had come to the United States. In the tense political atmosphere of this decade, the attacks of the Know Nothings were concentrated more and more against those of German descent. At the same time, through the recently arrived Forty-eighters, the Germans received their first active, politically experienced leaders. They joined together consciously in German or German American groups and made their influence felt in the young Republican Party and in the presidential elections of the '50s and '60s. Whereas they had already been slower than many immigrants to join the process of assimilation, now they were directly deterred by the attacks of the nativists. They cut themselves off, founded their own societies, churches, schools, and newspapers, and built a wall around their German American individualism that was to hinder the acclimatization of even the next generation. One of the conditions necessary to the existence of the German American group was, of course, the steady flow of German immigration. When, to-

ward the end of the century, German immigration began to fall behind the influx from southern and eastern Europe, the German American structure began to crack, and during the first World War it collapsed completely.

II

The story of the rise and fall of German Americanism in Baltimore may well be taken as a case history for German Americanism as a whole, for the principal facts are much the same in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Milwaukee, or New York. The city of Baltimore had received a large number of German settlers even in colonial times. During the 19th century it absorbed such an influx of new immigrants from Germany that around 1890 approximately every fourth person of its white residents was of either German birth or German descent.

All the conditions necessary for the growth of German Americanism were present in Baltimore. Around the middle of the 19th century the Germans there were in close touch sentimentally, materially, commercially, and through family connections with those in their old fatherland. The steady stream of German immigrants helped to keep alive consciousness of their German origin. The old German families in Baltimore, the Brunes, Hoffmans, Strickers, Fricks, Mayers, Ettings, Von Kapffs, had achieved public esteem and wealth. They had no intention of yielding ground to the mob of the Know Nothings. To overcome the stealthily gnawing feeling of inferiority which all immigrants consciously or unconsciously feel toward those who have come before them, there seemed only one method—that of emphasizing loudly and clearly their German origin. The oftener the Know Nothings broke into a German *Turnfest* or attacked a German walking home from a rehearsal of his singing so-

ciety, the more stubbornly those of German background stuck together to show they were not ashamed of being German. Thus German Americanism arose all over the country. And thus it arose in Baltimore.

In the last third of the 19th century, the founding of societies among the German Americans of Baltimore reached heights never before or since experienced. The expression, "Wherever three Germans meet, they found a society," arose at this time. Most of these organizations, whether they started out to be choral, gymnastic, or church clubs, tended more and more to become purely social. The German Americans were not at all a closed, sociologically homogeneous group. They were divided according to the social scale into various groups, and this division along sociological lines increased in intensity toward the end of the century, especially when the lower classes were augmented through fresh immigration. There was the Germania Club, the social organization of the upper class, a club of successful, wealthy merchants, and especially tobacco dealers. There was the Concordia Society, whose club house became the most important gathering place for German social functions, theatrical productions, concerts, celebrations, and meetings. There were some exclusively German lodges and Masonic chapters. There was finally an increasingly large number of singing and gymnastic societies (*Sänger* and *Turner*). Around 1900, Baltimore had no less than fifteen German choral societies and five German gymnastic societies. The words *Turnverein Vorwärts*, *Germania Turnverein*, *Liedertafel*, *Männerchor* meant something even to citizens of Irish, Polish, or Italian descent who did not know any German.

During this period the German Americans also began to gather in occupational groups, that is, in those occupations in

which they were especially numerous (engineers, brewers, butchers). These societies were certainly only loose organizations having nothing to do with modern unions. But besides these occupational societies there was one closely organized union patterned after the German ones. In a Report of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics for the year 1885, the German Central Labor Union is mentioned for the first time under the name *Vereinigte Deutsche Gewerkschaften*. Germany was one of the first countries in which labor unions were formed. Therefore it is not surprising that the German immigrants in Baltimore built up an organization similar to those they had joined in Berlin or Hamburg for the sake of the rights of labor. It was the third city-wide labor union in Baltimore, with meetings, demonstrations, and strikes very often in the vanguard of the labor movement. The Germans who had emigrated during the time of Bismarck's social security legislation were familiar with the idea of social insurance organizations. At the turn of the century there were more than twenty such sick-benefit and assistance societies in Baltimore. Above all, in the lower social stratum among the laborers, the need for such organizations was obvious.

The most fruitful task was accomplished by the oldest and wealthiest organization of German Americans in Baltimore, the German Society in Maryland, founded in 1783 to aid immigrants and to improve immigration legislation. Much of the work which the society set out to accomplish during its long years of existence was gradually taken over by the government; for example, after the United States government in the '80s took over control of immigration and supervised the landing and expediting of immigrants to the West, the German Society was able to discontinue this aspect of its work. But the very fact that this task was brought

under the jurisdiction of the Federal government shows how necessary and important the work had been. From this time on, the society concentrated its attention upon charitable works, i.e., the support of indigent German Americans in Maryland, particularly recent immigrants.

One of the results of the segregation of the German Americans from the rest of the population was the founding of various charitable institutions for their exclusive use. Thus, after the Civil War, the German Orphanage and the German Old People's Home were organized—two institutions which still survive.

It will be readily understood that with the beginning of the German American era the German-language churches received new life. The new immigrants, especially those from the middle and lower social strata, desired to attend services in German. During the first three decades after 1860, twelve new congregations of the various faiths were organized in Baltimore. The life of the religious congregations runs parallel, of course, to the development of German Americanism as a whole. It rises rapidly until the end of the 19th century, only to decline gradually after this and to drop sharply during World War I. Around 1900 there were more than thirty congregations in Baltimore which had Sunday services in German. But at the beginning of the 20th century, most of the congregations—whether Lutheran, Reformed, or Catholic—which had been founded as German-language organizations, were beginning to lose their German character. Today there is but one church where the sermon is preached in German every Sunday morning, Zion Church opposite City Hall. As a peculiar sidelight, I might mention the outspokenly orthodox character of the German American churches. The old dogmatic

COMMON GROUND

orthodoxy, which the German church was first to overcome, was nowhere more obstinately maintained than in the German American churches. There is a strange contrast between the open-minded liberalism of the Protestant church in Germany in this period and the stubborn conservatism of the German American synods.

A word may be added about the German Jews. After 1860 they came over in increasing numbers, and toward the end of the century there were about 10,000. Some of them, like the Friedenwalds, Blumenbergs, Rayners, and Hutzlers, rose to great prominence in the medical profession, in business, industry, and politics. The first generation of these German Jews belonged to the German American group. There are very few indications of anti-Semitism among the German Americans in these years. Apparently, as long as the German Jew spoke German and as long as he allied himself with the German American group, he was welcomed as an addition to the German American ranks. On the whole, however, this connection was restricted to the first generation. The second and third generation of these German Jews became either Jewish or American. If they were orthodox, the Jewish element outweighed their German background; if they were liberal, the process of Americanization overcame the German American isolation.

Indicative of the self-chosen segregation of the German Americans was the growing number of German-language schools in Baltimore. Some were parochial, connected with a German congregation; the Zion Church school, known as Scheib's School, had a great reputation all over the state. Some of the private schools, founded and directed by German pedagogues, attracted students from all segments of the population, not only those of German parentage. H. L. Mencken

in *Happy Days* gave a detailed and amusing description of life in Knapp's Institute in the '80s, the most outstanding of these Baltimore German schools. The German Americans considered it a major victory when in 1873 the City Council set up the so-called German-English schools within the public school system, in which parallel instruction was to be given in German and in English. "The benefit," the Report of the School Commissioners asserts, "is twofold: first, to the children of English parents who wish to obtain a knowledge of German; and secondly to those of German parents who wish to receive instruction in the English language as well as their own." Toward the end of the century there were not less than seven German-English schools in Baltimore with almost 7,000 pupils in attendance. This, however, was the maximum; in succeeding years the number declined. At the beginning of the new century the Baltimore school system was reorganized and the German-English schools disappeared.

One phase of public school education remains to be mentioned; it is one in which the influence of the Germans toward the end of the century was decisive and permanent, surviving all political storms: the introduction of physical education into the curriculum of the city schools. This was brought about by the German American gymnastic societies, the Turners, who for decades had sponsored the idea that physical education of young people should be given greater prominence. In 1895 the City Council passed an ordinance "to introduce physical training as a regular course of study in the public schools of the city." Some of the best-known German Turners of Baltimore were appointed to carry out these plans, and they did it with lasting success.

Historians of the German Americans

too often overlook the fact that they cannot be treated as a homogeneous block. Sociological differentiations have to be taken into consideration. The various classes reacted differently toward the problems of Americanization. The members of what might be called the academic professions, the college professors, physicians, lawyers, artists, and musicians, showed the greatest inclination to break out of German American isolation. Wider possibilities were open to these professional groups through speedy acclimatization. Therefore they lost their pronounced German American characteristics and made more rapid progress in their American surroundings. On the other hand, the artisans and businessmen held fast to their German individuality, and it was from their ranks that the German American type was built up, a group which built its own world with its own forms and institutions. Also it was the businessmen and industrialists who supplied the financial backbone of German Americanism.

Money was needed in order to support all the German American churches, schools, societies, philanthropies, newspapers, etc. The necessary sociological subsoil for the flourishing of this German American self-sufficiency was made up of a large, well-to-do middle class. During the decades after the Civil War the financial strength of the German Americans began to be consolidated; they were able to secure a place for themselves in the commercial and industrial life of the city where the most money was to be made. Hundreds of Germans who immigrated after 1840 became wealthy people; thousands achieved at least moderate well-being. A visit to the business section of Baltimore affords convincing proof of this success in the numerous German firm names to be found even now. In the tobacco trade and allied industries were

Christian Ax, George Gail, and William Marburg, to mention only a few. The brewing industry was almost entirely a German monopoly—Gunther, Bauernschmidt, Vonderhorst. There was noticeable German influence in various other branches of business and industry, textile, lumber, paper, department stores, shipping offices. The Knabe piano factory, Sharp and Dohme's chemical company, Hoen's lithographic workshops, known all over the country, all were founded by German-speaking Baltimoreans in pre-Civil War days.

The German American of these years was well aware of his individuality. He was aware of it when he read his German newspaper in the morning or during the day when he worked in his office or shop. And this consciously German American atmosphere did not cease with his professional life. His leisure time and relaxation also fitted into the picture. He could spend his evening in one of the German clubs or societies. He could attend a social party arranged by one of the German churches. He could visit Concordia Hall, where frequently one of the wandering German theatrical troupes performed a German play. Or he could go to a concert of the singing societies. All these social events exerted an enormous, solidifying pressure upon German Americans. The barrier set up by the German language excluded all strangers and compressed those who belonged to the group into an almost solid block.

The most effective means of drawing together the Germans in the city and expressing their unity within the community as a minority group of one nationality were the German-language newspapers. After the Civil War they developed and thrived as never before and flourished with undiminished vigor until the end of the century. After this, a slow decline set in until the first World War caused the al-

most complete collapse of the German-language press. The names of twenty different publications appear on the lists of newspapers in the five decades following the Civil War; those with the widest circulation were the Baltimore Correspondent and the Baltimore Journal.

Most of these papers considered it their main task to familiarize newly arrived immigrants with the conditions of the country. Only a few had a political slant and participated in questions of national politics, though the two papers I have mentioned were politically rather active, on different sides of the political fence: the Correspondent by long tradition Democratic; the Journal, after an initial period of neutrality, before long the advocate of the Republicans. From a thorough review of the German-language newspapers I have come to the conclusion that during the 19th century the German Americans in Baltimore cannot be classified categorically as either Democratic or Republican. In the three decades after the Civil War as well as throughout the 19th century their vote was divided between the two main parties. There was a German American Jefferson Club, as well as a German American Lincoln Club, and a German American Roosevelt League. From time to time an outstanding personality like Cleveland or Roosevelt rallied the majority of the German American voters to his side despite previous party loyalties. On the whole, their vote fluctuated until toward the end of the century, when a gradual consolidation in the Republican Party became apparent.

In one way this period differed from those which preceded and succeeded it. The German Americans were then a political factor with which the politicians reckoned. In a city like Baltimore where there were about 80,000 of German descent around 1900, it was not advisable for a man seeking public office to offend

them. A party which had a German American on its ticket and laid emphasis on this fact could count on receiving an appreciable increase in votes. Neither before nor after were German Americans so conscious of their origin. Their fellow citizens also took it into consideration in all their calculations. This awareness was one of the characteristics of the German American epoch. There were frequent complaints in the German-language newspapers during this period, for instance, that the German Americans were not sufficiently organized, that they were unable to exert enough political pressure. But even without a political organization they wielded enough power so that they often decided whether the ship of state should lean toward the Republican or the Democratic side, and the knowledge of this power sometimes went to their heads.

Symptomatic of the political ambitions of the Baltimore German Americans was the founding of a society called *Unabhängiger Bürgerverein*, or the Independent Citizens' Union. The constitution of 1900 stated: "The league will strive to awaken a feeling of solidarity among the population of German descent, and to encourage the useful, healthy development of the power existing in such centralization; . . . to ward off nativist encroachments, to cultivate and assure good, friendly relations between America and the old country." At the same time the hope was expressed that similar leagues would be established in every state in the Union and that together they could be formed into a large, powerful organization.

Nobody could object to the avowed program of the society: "clean, good government," liberating the schools from politics, eliminating obsolete laws, encouraging immigration, urging all immigrants to become citizens as soon as possible and regularly exercise the right to

vote, "ascertaining the fitness and character of candidates for office and when elected, keeping a record of their official action; generally to promote the welfare of the people by all honorable and legitimate means."

However, one point was clear from the beginning: this society made no attempt to hasten the Americanization of citizens of German descent. On the contrary, through energetic emphasis on the German background, through continuation of the German language, by making people conscious of their German descent, and by cultivating German customs and manners, the process of acclimatization was retarded. Whether those who founded the organization were aware of this or not is difficult to decide. But it is certain that in it we can most clearly detect the pulse of German Americanism, the public manifestation of the "Tragedy of German-America," as the English historian John A. Hawgood put it.

The significance of the Independent Citizens' Union becomes clear when it is seen in relation to the National German-American Alliance, founded in Philadelphia in 1901. On a national basis the Alliance stood for the same things as the Independent Citizens' Union on the local level. Within a few years, the National German-American Alliance developed into the largest organization of a nationality group in American history. On paper the objectives looked harmless, sensible, and constructive, and probably few of the people who signed them had any idea that they might lead to conflicts. Actually they developed an explosive power which did not become apparent until the World War. People who read pan-German propaganda in every Bismarck herring and beer mug often attempted to prove that the founding of the National German-American Alliance was one of the political machinations of the imperial German gov-

ernment. The English historian Clifton James Child has shown convincingly that this is an error. The Alliance received no directives from Berlin; it was the product of specifically American conditions. It received more benevolent attention from the American brewers than from the German imperialists. For the common enemy of all the German American societies which banded together in this large organization was the threat of prohibition. The platform upon which they all could unite was the anti-prohibition battle.

Each year the occasion upon which the Baltimore Independent Citizens' Union made its most impressive appearance was German Day on the twelfth of September. More than 20,000 people met year after year in one of the parks near the city and celebrated under the auspices of the organization. These celebrations did much to popularize the Union among the German Americans (and not only among them); they also became an important source of revenue for the society. Usually family groups appeared at the affair complete from great-grandmother to the youngest infant. Of course, the singing and gymnastic societies took advantage of the opportunity and displayed their talents. Animated speeches were given. People marched, sang, danced, drank—in short, the proverbial German *gemütlichkeit* was poured out by the bucketful, and everyone, whether he was German, Swedish, Irish, English, Lithuanian, or Spanish in background was happy and had a good time.

Certainly the happiest period for the German Americans lay in those two decades preceding the first World War. There were sections of Baltimore, such as Highlandtown, Federal Hill, and Clifton Park, where more German was spoken than English. These German American sectors of Baltimore's population lived in their own world, cut off from

their American surroundings by the language barrier. They lived peacefully with the rest of the city, and they were recognized and respected as an isolated group.

III

This solid-looking German American structure began showing its first cracks immediately after the outbreak of the European war in 1914. Carl Schurz once said that the German Americans were the embodiment of the necessity for peace and friendship between the United States and Germany. The years 1914-1918 proved that he was right. Once this prerequisite, peace and friendship between the two nations, was removed, the fate of the German Americans was sealed.

The German Americans in Baltimore reacted to the European conflict as did the German Americans in the rest of the nation. They passionately aligned themselves on the side of the Central Powers. They watched the war from 1914 to 1917 with undiminished confidence. For the first time in its long history since 1841, the Baltimore Correspondent remained neutral in a presidential election: in 1916 the paper could not support Woodrow Wilson on account of his foreign policy.

During the first three years of the war, the Correspondent, the city's most influential German paper, made no effort to conceal its pro-German feelings; but after April 1917, the paper, like most German Americans, was faced with the necessity of a complete re-orientation. After the United States declared war on Germany, what had been a right guaranteed by the Constitution suddenly became high treason. The Correspondent did its best to assist its confused readers to understand the change and to show them how to steer their course through the dangerous pitfalls of that April without losing their self-respect. "We became citizens of the United States of our free will, and we

swore to be loyal to the land of our choice. This is the most solemn oath a man can take; anyone who breaks it brings only shame, not honor, to the country where lies his heart. . . . No matter what opinions we had and may still have about the cause of the war, if the Congress of the United States has declared war then it is as binding upon us as upon the native citizens . . . we must do our duty toward the land to which we swore fealty."

During the succeeding weeks and months, the entire German American press was regarded with suspicion by the government and by the public. A week after the declaration of war, the Correspondent found it necessary to make clear its position and purpose by means of an English statement printed above the masthead: "This is an American newspaper published in the German language. Its function is to acquaint the immigrant Germans with social and political conditions in the United States, and to familiarize them with their duties toward their adopted country and with the rights conferred upon them by the Constitution." In spite of this pleading preamble, it is doubtful whether many German Americans displayed their Correspondent in the streetcar or restaurant.

In the course of the next year the Correspondent succeeded in a tactful way in integrating itself into the war effort of the country. On its pages were numerous appeals for the Red Cross, support for the Liberty Loans, requests to fulfill the draft regulations, announcements of patriotic meetings and similar affairs. No word was written which might be construed disloyal or against the interest of the country. The government appreciated these efforts, for the Baltimore Correspondent was one of the first German-language newspapers in the nation to be freed of the necessity of depositing translations of its articles with the Postmaster.

RISE AND FALL OF THE GERMAN AMERICANS IN BALTIMORE

Yet nothing was left of the aggressive, criticizing tone of 1914. The paper, like German Americanism as a whole, was on the defensive. It followed retreat strategy. All it hoped for was to be let alone and to move out of the limelight of public attention.

It was not let alone. In April 1918 in the seventy-seventh year of its history, the Correspondent had to yield to public pressure and ceased publication, though only temporarily.

In Baltimore, as well as all over the country, innumerable other German American institutions disappeared from the scene. In the spring of 1918, the National German-American Alliance, which rightly or wrongly had claimed to be the representative organization of the German Americans, was dissolved. In Baltimore, as in other cities, the year 1918 concluded the history of a great many German American clubs, societies, newspapers, and churches. Those of German descent were surrounded by suspicion and mistrust. As individuals, as well as in groups, they frequently encountered humiliation and accusations. A symptom of the general feeling was the decision of the City Council of Baltimore in September 1918 to change the name of one of the main streets in the older section of the city from German Street to Redwood Street, in honor of the first officer from Maryland to die in the World War. Unimportant as this incident may be, it is indicative of the atmosphere of 1918, and the German Americans in Baltimore regarded it with great bitterness. After things had quieted down, they pointed out that they had done their part in winning the victory like every other national group. A glance through the honor rolls of Maryland troops shows on every page such names as Eichelberger, Hoffman, Myers, Snyder, Klingelhoef, Reuter, Fuchs, Brandau.

The wartime hysteria disappeared in a few years. Tensions eased; heads became clearer and more sober. But German Americanism was never to rise again. The German Americans as a group did not survive the year 1918. The old German American stock was forced to re-orient itself. No new additions came from Germany, or if so, then only in very small numbers. The history of unchecked, large-scale immigration into the United States came to a close with the passing of the quota laws of the '20s. In place of the old free immigration there was a rigorous allotment system according to which only about 27,000 Germans could immigrate into the United States in any year. In Maryland, as in all other states, the number of German-born in the population constantly decreased. Within one decade, from 1930 to 1940, the number of German-born in Baltimore dropped from 13,568 to 9,744.

IV

The remnants of the German Americans, who after the blows of the war and postwar years revived some of the German societies and churches, conducted their affairs in a way much different from the methods of their fathers. They were less noticeable. They had more modest ambitions and they did not emphasize their German origin. They were now simply a group of citizens, mostly native Americans, who kept alive the folk tradition of their parents in various clubs and societies. For Germany itself they had only a friendly but distant interest. Only a few had ever seen the country. Never again, not even with the approach of another European war, did the German Americans unite in anything like the earlier wide-flung national German-American Alliance. Bund activity never could compare with the big machine of the Alliance. To a certain degree the nationalistic wave

COMMON GROUND

brought about by the rise of Hitler in Germany had a regenerating effect on the German element in Baltimore as in other American cities. The whole rise and fall of German Americanism was caused to some extent by events in Germany. It is no coincidence that German Americanism was born with the founding of the Bismarck Reich. The economic and political pseudo-prosperity of the Third Reich had the effect of a last reanimating injection on German Americanism. Yet anyone with political foresight could have predicted that the collapse of National Socialism in Germany would definitely conclude the last chapter of German Americanism in the United States.

German Americans in Baltimore reacted toward the rise of Hitlerism in different ways. Most of them, individually, as well as in groups, avoided the issues. They evaded the question if their opinion was asked and hid behind indifferent neutrality. Of course, in Baltimore as well as elsewhere, there were public followers of Adolf Hitler. The most radical of these formed a group called Friends of the New Germany. In 1936 the organization dissolved only to reform immediately as the German American People's League (*Deutschamerikanischer Volksbund*), shortly known as the Bund. Its opposite was also formed: the decided anti-Nazis in Baltimore in June 1938 formed the German-American League for Culture. They cited the liberal German American tradition of Follen, Lieber, Schurz, Hecker, and Heinzen, and unequivocally separated themselves from all the theoretical and material emanations of the Third Reich. However, neither group found much support from the main mass of the German element in Baltimore. Both the pro- and the anti-organization were limited to small, uninfluential groups. The majority of the Baltimore German Americans remained cool and re-

served. Most did not possess enough intellectual sovereignty to know that a man can love the land of his parents and still condemn its present political system. Their inability to handle the situation led them to escape into pale neutrality and evasive cautiousness.

Many German Americans may have had more sympathy for Hitler Germany than the average American liked, may have thought reports about the horrors of the regime "exaggerated" and that Hitler's war was "not our business." But, if so, these were sentiments which never crystallized into organizations or actions. There was no German-language paper in Baltimore which followed the Bund line. The old German Americans there viewed the Bund people with the deepest distrust. The timid revival of some German organizations earlier in the '20s had also held no danger of organized German Americanism. It was only a last flare-up, like the second swell following the big wave. Toward the end of the '30s and during the second World War, the number of German societies in Baltimore decreased steadily. In 1938 there were about seventy-five, but only a third of them outlived World War II. When German Day was celebrated on September 12 between the years 1928 and 1938, there were about 20,000 persons present each year; in 1940, there were only 4,000 guests; and since then German Day has not been celebrated at all. When an old paragraph of the Maryland Constitution, providing that each bill be published in a German-language paper, was quietly abolished during World War II, there was not even a protest from the German Americans. Their feeling of solidarity had dwindled. Since they never worked as a pressure group, no pressure was built up against them, and because there was none, group feeling disappeared more and more. Even after Pearl Harbor there was no

CHICAGO SATURDAY NIGHT

anti-German American hysteria. No American thought he would hamper the war effort by eating a dish of sourbeef, studying the German language, or listening to a Bach choral.

The German Americans must be and can be understood from the conditions of the late 19th century. In many ways they contributed to the progress of their adopted country. Yet the idea of isolation which they consciously or unconsciously cultivated would eventually have led them into a blind alley. The cruel blows of 1917-18 finally broke the wall of isolation with which they had surrounded themselves. No sensible person will defend the mob hysteria of 1918. Yet it can also be interpreted as a crafty plan of Providence (what Hegel would call "The cunning of reason that sets the passions to

work for itself"); a purgatory through which German Americans had to go in order to become Americans of German descent. Then they began thinking more of the land of their children than of the land of their fathers. From their German past they turned to their American future.

Dieter Cunz, an assistant professor at the University of Maryland, was born in Germany in 1910, left there in 1934, and after four years of newspaper work in Switzerland, came to the United States in 1938. He is now an American citizen. He has published various historical studies and contributed to a number of papers and periodicals. He is at work on a comprehensive history of German immigration into the state of Maryland.

CHICAGO SATURDAY NIGHT

WILLIAM SUCHY

THE SCENE is a dance hall on Chicago's west side. The time is 9 o'clock on Saturday night. An orchestra is warming up on "Sioux City Sue," and some hepcats, including several cr's and a couple of sailors, are jiving in the middle of the floor. A few chaperoning mothers sit on the sidelines, patiently watching the youngsters and wondering what the world is coming to.

Finally more couples, young and old, begin to arrive, and the orchestra breaks into a snappy Czech tune. The transformation is atomic. The hepcats are caught up in a swirl of dancing humanity going through the turning, bobbing

rhythm of "Barbara" polka. The men leave the bar and claim their wives. Ample-waisted grandmothers spin merrily around, and their granddaughters have to step lively to get out of the way. Tottering oldsters suddenly find new vitality and whirl their buxom partners about the floor at a dizzy pace. Everybody bumps and smiles, but no one stops. The party has really begun, and Chicago's Czechs and Double Czechs are out for another red-hot Saturday night.

The musicians come up for air but not for long. One of the cr's has stepped up to the band leader to make a request. A first-aid squad has hustled out steins of

beer, and the boys pay off with the original Czech version of "Beer Barrel Polka." More steins of beer show up all over the place, and the drummer loosens his collar and tie and begins to give out with a stepped-up tempo. A couple of musicians put their instruments aside and sing an old-fashioned duet. Old-timers among the dancers join in.

One chap, who is a stern-looking custom tailor all week, turns out to be a natural comedian. He borrows a lady's hat, which keeps slipping over his eyes, and waddles around imitating the mannerisms of a fat busybody. A couple of chubby-checked women are so tickled at his antics they have to stop dancing and hold their sides. A timid machinist lets himself go and becomes a favorite with the ladies, young and old. Everyone smiles at his technique except his wife, who is ready to die laughing at her Tony. The band swings into "The Prune Song," and everyone gets in the groove again.

One of the sailors has brought a guest, not of Czech descent—a "foreigner." He hesitates about plunging into the milling crowd. A smiling, blushing matron comes to his rescue and says, "Come on. I show you how." Before the gob can say no, he is piloting a partner nearly twice his weight around the floor. And, brother, this is swing!

Luckily there is an intermission. Tables are pulled away from the walls. Chairs are lined up. The beaming, motherly women with workworn hands come into their own. Tablecloths and silverware appear as from nowhere. Heaping plates of roast pork, dumplings, and sauerkraut are passed around. Roast duck, chicken, potato salad, coffee, pastry, and—don't ask why—more beer.

The guest sailor is well-taken-care-of. His former dancing partner is a one-woman USO. No number of excuses does any good. He must try her dumplings and

sauerkraut. Manfully he tries to hold his own among the enormous appetites around him. "Dot's all right," the lady smiles. "You do fine." No sooner is he done than she is back to provide second helpings. "See, it's goot! After you dancing while, you be hungry again."

The sailor tells his buddy, "I don't think I'll be able to move after stowing all this stuff." But he's wrong. The shambles of the feed is cleared away. A polka starts up, and everyone joins in. It's a lively number—"Annie Went to the Cabbage Patch." The tune calls for the stamping of feet and clapping of hands. White handkerchiefs, mopping heated brows, are much in evidence.

More beers are served up. Everybody drinks. Everybody dances. Everybody bumps, everybody laughs. The hours flash by, and the musicians have to remind people it's getting to be Sunday morning.

A barbershop quartet singing some tearfully sentimental old-country songs reveals that the party is on its last legs. The musicians play a couple of encores, and the women in the kitchen begin rationing out the leftover pastry.

The sailors and the cr's are given larger boxes, with cake and kolacky (fruit tarts) for "the boys." The middy asks his friend, "Well, how did you like the shindig? This was your first time."

The "foreigner" replies, "Well, all I gotta say is, if you don't want to have a good time, you better stay away. With these people, you can't win."

William Suchy teaches in the J. Sterling Morton High School in Cicero, Illinois. He has appeared in COMMON GROUND twice before: "The High School in a New-Immigrant Community," Autumn 1940, and "It Can Be Done," Spring 1943.

HOW JOHN BOSCOE OUTSUNG THE DEVIL

ARTHUR P. DAVIS

WELL, suh, speaking about singing, the folks down in my section of Virginny still talk about Ol' John Boscoe and how he outsung the Devil hisself.

Now this John Boscoe, no doubt about it, was a singing fool. John was a bass singer, and he had the sweetest and the deepest bass anybody had ever listened to on this earth. 'There ain't never been no voice like it before nor since.

A tall black fellow—John wasn't no great big man—he was just tall and lank and sort of rangy-like. And he didn't have no great bellows of a chest like some singers; he was just tall and hollow-looking, like one of them big pipes on a pipe organ. There was nothing particular-looking about him 'cept his eyes. He had deep sunken eyes—the eyes of a fanatic; and John was a fanatic on this bass singing business.

But as I said—no doubt about it—John was a songster from his heart; he could really sing. When he hit them high notes—and he could make 'em just as good as a tenor—his voice was as sweet and as silver-toned as a sleigh bell. Some folks say that even the birds used to shut up when John sung them sweet high notes—used to shut up and just listen with their heads cocked on the side like they was trying to learn how to sing from Ol' John.

And when he went down the scale to them low notes, there was something in his singing just tore at your innards. John wasn't one of these basses that twisted his mouth and rolled his eyes when he

made the low ones. He just opened his mouth and the music came rolling out just as natural as water over a dam; and he went down the scale so far you could feel yourself just a-throbbing and everything around you a-shaking. Even the church used to tremble and quiver when John hit them real low ones.

But the preacher had to caution John about that—careful-like, of course, without offending, because John Boscoe was a sensitive one and didn't take no foolishness. Besides, the preacher knew John brought more folks to church by his singing than he did by his preaching. The whole county, white and black alike, used to come out to hear John sing. And them as couldn't get in the church could hear just as well outside or at home for that matter, but they all come to hear him, and he never sung enough for 'em. So the preacher cautioned John kinda quiet-like; he wasn't taking no chance on riling him up and running him out of the choir.

Of course, the other choir members didn't like John, because everything they sung ended in a solo for John Boscoe. He just drowned the rest of them out. Besides, John knew he was good and he made no bones about it. You could see how little he thought of the other voices by the way he looked and snorted when somebody else wanted to sing a solo. And when some of the boys asked John to sing in a quartette with them, he just looked at 'em and laughed. Yessuh, John knew how good he was and every day he showed it more and more.

In fact, Ol' John got vainer and vainer, and prouder and prouder, and harder than ever to get along with. And he began to lose friends because his pride was taking possession of him and making him into a changed man. He had always been a friendly, Christian sort of a man. Now he was becoming hard and bitter, with a fanatic look in his deep-set eyes. People began to avoid them eyes. John's own wife and children begun to fear him and hate to see him come in the house.

Well, the Pastor saw John changing too, so one Sunday he preached a red-hot sermon on pride. He told how the Devil got kicked out of heaven because of pride. He mentioned how Ol' Satan had tried to tempt Jesus through pride up there on that mountain—offering to make Him ruler of the world.

And then the Pastor brought that sermon right home to John Boscoe. He told how a man could let a voice—a voice that God had given him to do good—go to his head and turn him against his friends. And when he got to this point, he turned around and looked right at John Boscoe up there in the choir while everybody else in the church held their breath.

But it didn't register none with John. He didn't even hear what the Pastor was saying. He was just waiting for the sermon to be over so he could pump bass on the next hymn.

But John's wife didn't miss a word. Deep down she was praying it would have some effect on John. But she knew that John was so wrapped up in hisself, he hadn't heard a word. She could tell by his eyes. So, when they got home, she told John what the minister had said, starting off with a few womanish tears, about how humiliated she had been, having the Pastor preach right at her husband up there in public.

John hit the ceiling. He raved and he ranted. He damned the church and the

preacher and everybody in it. He swore a great oath that he would never set foot in the church again. Who'd the preacher think he was, criticizing him? What did he care about the preacher and all the rest of them little jealous folks? He didn't need 'em, he didn't need nobody! To hell with 'em! God damn 'em! Well, suh, Ol' John carried on so his wife thought he was losing his mind, and in one way he was.

After that, John's pride just took complete possession of him. He wasn't hisself no more. He'd always been a hard-working man and a good provider for his family, but he got so he didn't care whether he worked or not. He didn't care whether his family had food or not, and John's wife for the first time in her life had to take in washing to make both ends meet. John had such a terrible look in his eye she was just plain scairt to tell him how bad off they really was.

All John thought about was his singing, how good he was, and what a pity he didn't have the kind of people in the county that could appreciate him. What did these country folks know about singing? He spent days dreaming about getting away to the city where he could give a concert to all the best singers and listeners in the world; and in his dream, he could see them all coming down the aisles of some fine hall to congratulate him, John Boscoe, the bass singer.

When John went to the field to plow—which he seldom did now—he spent most of his time daydreaming like that. He would stand up on a hill, and as his eyes swept over the cornfields, he would imagine all the stalks was grand folks in a fine big city hall. He would sing to them by the hour, and you could hear him all over the county. Sometimes, when he made them low notes, the folks even over in the next county heard him and thought it was the rumble of thunder.

HOW JOHN BOSCOE OUTSUNG THE DEVIL

John's pride as he daydreamed grew so fast it became a great big bitterness inside him. "I am the best bass singer in the county," he used to boast even before he left the church. But that was plain to everybody; no one bothered to argue about what he was saying. No one even disputed him when he began bragging, "I'm the best bass singer in the state,"

ritory you're covering, John," he said. Well, suh, this remark was like a red rag to a bull. John turned on the doubter and fixed his deep-sunk eyes on him. "In fact, I'm the best damn bass singer in the universe—including the stars above and the regions below," John said.

That was going too far. The folks in the store that Saturday run from John



because deep down all the folks felt that too. But when John got to boasting, with that fanatic look in his eye, "I'm the best bass singer in the United States," folks began to look at each other and get on-easy. Some of them believed that too, but they didn't like to hear a man get so braggadocious.

But John's pride, now a raging fire inside him, made him bolder and bolder. One Saturday, he walked into the store and announced, out of the clear blue sky, to all the folks there, "I'm the best bass singer in the whole world, and I know it."

Well, that was just too much for the folks to swallow. So one of the men who had known John all his life spoke up sorta quiet-like. "That's a mighty lot of ter-

Boscoe and his blasphemous talk like he was the plague. They was scairt God was a-going to cut him down, and they felt God shoulda cut him down, but they didn't want to be around when He did. They got as far away from John Boscoe as they could get and they stayed away.

But even though God didn't take no notice right then of Ol' John's wild talk, there was somebody else who did. Ol' Satan had had his eye on John for quite a spell. And when Ol' John bust out with this blasphemous talk about the "stars above and the regions below," he took it as a direct insult. It riled him.

"You hear that fool?" he said to the closest imp. "He getting 'side hisself. I'm gonna step up there and teach him a

thing or two. He worsen I was when I was up in heaven."

Then the Devil thinking about the good old days when he was in glory, sorta sighed and said, "Pride sho is a terrible thing. Get you down quickern anything I know."

So, pretty soon as John Boscoe walked out in the fields by hisself, as he always was by now, he met Ol' Satan. Even though he looked like any other dirt farmer, John knew right away it was the Devil. He felt it in his bones, and he was scairt.

But scairt or not, John Boscoe was a stiff-necked one. He wasn't going to run even from the Devil. At the same time, though, he decided to be mighty polite to Ol' Satan; he wasn't going to take no chances on riling him if he could help it.

"How de do, suh," said John pleasantly to Satan.

The Devil didn't bother to be polite, as he is most of the time. "I hear you *think* you can sing bass," he said to John, sneerified-like.

Devil or no Devil, John didn't like that crack. "I don't *think* I can sing bass," John flashed right back. "I know I can sing bass—more bass than anybody—" and here he hesitated; he wasn't going to pull that universe business on the Devil, so he ended with—"anybody in the world."

"How about the universe, including the stars above and the regions below?" sneered the Devil.

Ol' John was stung right down to the quick and, forgetting everything but the great ball of pride all knotted inside him, he blurted right out, "Yessuh, I mean just that—no less!"

The Devil smiled a nasty kind of smile, and said sorta quiet and soft-like, "Then you think you can beat me singing bass?"

"That I do," answered John, drawing

hissself up to his fullest height, filled with all the fanaticism of his great pride. And as he fixed the Devil with his eye, it was hard to say which had the fiercest look. The Devil didn't flinch and John didn't flinch as they stood there eyeing each other.

"You willing to put your money where your mouth is," finally asked the Devil, "or you just a *talking* and not a *betting* man?"

"I'll bet you till I can't see you," said John Boscoe angrily. "Put your money where your mouth is."

"Well, let's make it something interesting." The Devil was talking as polite as you please now, because he had John where he wanted him. "If you sing a deeper bass than I do, I'll give you anything you name. And, if I beat you, I take your soul right now." Then he laughed. "Of course, I gon' get it anyhow pretty soon, but thisaway I can put a stop right now to all this big talk I been hearing. You ain't gonna feel like singing down in my place, I can tell you in front."

Ol' John Boscoe swelled up like a bullfrog and, glaring at Ol' Satan, he said, "I ain't the talking kind; I'm the *doing* kind. Let's get down to business."

"Jest a minute," the Devil said. "You ain't told me what you want in case you win. Of course, I know you ain't gon' win, but I want to keep the record straight. Will it be money or pretty women or power or all three?"

"I don't want none of them things," answered John. "I ain't never had no money, and I been getting 'long all right. I got a good wife, and I got all the power I want—the power to sing more bass than anybody in the universe."

"Well, what do you want?" asked the Devil.

"If I beat you," John said, and he had that faraway look in his eye, "if I beat you—and I gon' beat you just as sure as

HOW JOHN BOSCOE OUTSUNG THE DEVIL

I'm standing here—I just want you to give me one chance to sing under my conditions—to sing the way I been dreaming about.”

“How is that?”

“I want a hall,” said John, now on fire with the dream in him. “I want a hall that will hold a million people. I want an orchestray of one thousand pieces, with one thousand of the finest players to ‘company me. And then I want a chorus of one thousand of the best singers in the world behind me to be a kinda back-ground for me, and then I’m gonna give a concert that all the history books will write about, and all the generations that ain’t yet born will talk about—the concert of John Boscoe, the greatest bass singer in the universe.”

John’s face was all lit up with the splendor of his dream. The Devil just said, “It’s a deal; let’s bind it,” and with that he took out his penknife and scratched John Boscoe’s arm. In his left hand suddenly appeared a contract and a pen. John signed.

“Now, that’s over,” said the Devil, all business. “What’ll we sing?”

Quick as a flash, John answered, “Asleep in the Deep.”

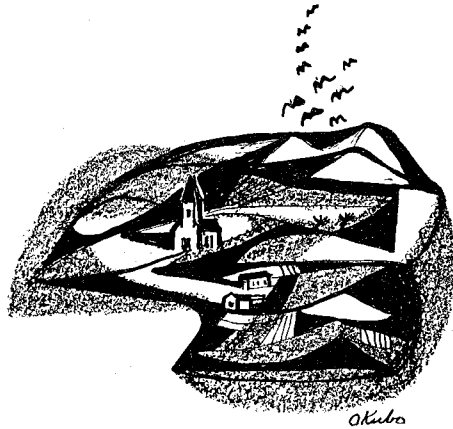
“Agreed,” said the Devil. “I like that song myself. You sing first, and beingst you ain’t got a chance nohow, I’ll give you three tries at it.”

John began, and he sung that first pretty part—“*loudly the bell in the old tower rings*”—he sung it so sweet that all the angels must have been listening and envious. Then he started down the scale on the chorus where it goes “*Sailor, beware; sailor, take care*”—well, suh, when Ol’ John hit them “*bewares*,” you could hear him clean over in the next state, and he was down so low the rumbling shook every house for miles around. The church steeple was shaking so hard the bell was ringing like a fire alarm. Folks knew it

was John Boscoe a-singing, and though they worried about their houses falling down, they was enjoying it too much to be scairt.

But then they heard another voice when John finished, and when that second voice sung that pretty first part of the song, folks got an oneasy look in their eyes. The voice was sweet, they had to admit, sweeter even than John’s, but there was something too sweet about it, kinda sinfully sweet, like tasting forbidden fruit, and it disturbed them.

Then when this second singer hit them low “*bewares*,” all hell seemed to break loose. The earth started to quiver and shake and heave and toss like a woman in labor. The trees in the woods and the houses and churches seemed to be skipping about like young lambs. The rumble was so low and so great, it was like ninety-nine earthquakes rolled into one.



Some folks swear that the very ground itself opened up and you could see smack down into the fires of hell—see all the imps dancing around and clapping their hands and carrying on, ‘cause they knew their Master had beaten Ol’ John Boscoe.

When John Boscoe heard that last “*beware*” of the Devil, he knew he was whipped; he knew he was a goner unless he could get some help. There was only

one place now where he could get help, and that was from on high. John was plenty scairt. He saw hell staring him in the face; he thought of all them eternal fires and the imps jabbing him with red-hot pitchforks, and he thought most how he couldn't do no singing in hell.

many a day, he remembered his wife and his children, and what trouble he had caused them. He saw like a drowning man all they had suffered because of his pride and selfishness. Now he was going to leave them unprovided for—all because he had been a stiff-necked fool. He



Yessuh, John was plumb scairt and getting scairtier by the minute.

Falling on his knees, he raised his eyes to God and tried to pray, but he couldn't say a word. His tongue and throat had turned to ashes and his heart was beating like a hammer. John was so full of misery he felt he was going to bust open, but he couldn't unburden himself; he couldn't say nary a word.

John was still thinking about John Boscoe, and the Lord who had watched all these goings-on, as He always does—the Lord didn't want to hear no more selfish prayers. He was tired of them kind, so he just threw a handful of ashes in Ol' John's mouth. The Devil understood what had happened. He just stood there grinning at John and gloating—and waiting.

Then John started to think about his pride and how it had brought him down to this fix he was in. For the first time in

began to cry—not because of his fear of hell, but because he was thinking of his wife and children. His heart was moved for them, and the tears came flowing down. All of a sudden, his mouth was no longer ashes and dirt, and he could pray.

Lifting his hands and his eyes to heaven, he cried, "O Lord, I know I been a sinful and a prideful man! I know I been braggadocious and 'side myself with my own biggityness! I been mean and ornery and selfish. I done run my friends from me, I done left and damned the church, and I done deserted my own wife and children.

"And, Lord, that voice you gave me to bring souls to you, I done used to feed my own vanity and pride; I done bragged about how much I could sing and never give You no credit for it—You the one that gave me the power to sing.

"O Lord, I been wrong—I been mighty wrong. I been a fool, Lord, and I deserve

HOW JOHN BOSCOE OUTSUNG THE DEVIL

all I gon' get. Save me, Lord, if that ain't asking too much, but if You don't save me, look out for my wife and poor fatherless children. That's all I ask, Lord."

The Lord answered John—not by so many words or signs, but John knew the Lord had answered. He felt a new power within him that started at his fingertips and went singing through every vein in his body right down to his toes. His body shook and tingled like he had electricity in him, and the goodness of the Lord made him feel like he had just been shouting in church. The Lord was with him, and he knew it, and as he rose from his knees, he fixed his eye on Ol' Satan and said kinda polite-like, "I believe I got a second chance coming to me. In fact, two more, but I don't need the third."

And then John Boscoe sung again. His voice at first was so natural-born sweet that folks just naturally fell on their knees and started to pray. It sounded like all the harps of heaven was playing while the morning stars was singing together. Then John took it down the scale, and when he hit that last "beware"—well, some folks say it was the deepest roll of thunder that the ear of mortal man had heard. But John—and he ought to know—said twarn't no thunder; 'twas God's voice all mixed up with his own voice, and the power of God was so strong within him, John said he couldn't rightly tell whether he was singing hisself or whether God was singing through him. And he said when he made that last real low note, he felt happy all over; he felt so good, so much at peace with the world, so free and so glorious, that he had love in his heart even for Ol' Satan.

But Satan had gone. When he heard

John's last note, he knew what had happened, and Satan ain't one to be around when God is speaking. All John saw when he turned to look for the Devil was a cloud of smoke.

John Boscoe came home a humbled and a changed man that afternoon. There was no more bragging about how much he could sing. He became a model husband and the same good provider he had once been. He went back to church and to the choir, and he sung more folks to God than any fifty preachers could have brought. And he became a friend and a Christian helpmeet to his brothers in the county. He was a good steward in the vineyard of the Lord until he was gathered to the bosom of his Father.

But even now down in my section of Virginny, on quiet afternoons, when the air is hushed and still, and there ain't no sign of a cloud in the sky, you can hear what sounds like the deep rumble of distant thunder. Folks down there know it ain't no thunder. It's the voice of Ol' John Boscoe singing up in heaven, where he is the bass soloist in the senior choir—a choir of a thousand angel voices with an orchestray of a thousand harps—the choir that sings around the throne of the Almighty.

Dr. Arthur P. Davis is professor of English at Howard University, one of the editors of *The Negro Caravan*, and columnist for the *Norfolk Journal and Guide*. His "When I Was in Knee Pants," appeared in the Winter 1944 issue of *COMMON GROUND* and will eventually be expanded into book form.

The illustrations are by Miné Okubo.

SPRINKLING THE GRASS ROOTS

RUTH D. TUCK

GRASS ROOTS don't grow without rain. No one expects them to. But many people do expect disadvantaged groups to spring to full civic maturity overnight—apparently just because they are disadvantaged. *

There is a stereotype about Mexican Americans. Yes, yes, we know—but this one's different. It is not the property of the ignorant and has nothing to do with B. O. It is held by community leadership on minority questions, by the sincere workers for better human relations. It's to the effect that you just can't work with Mexican Americans—they'll break your heart.

They're so divided and ridden with prestige fights, the story goes, that you can't even pick a group spokesman. If you do, he's likely to turn out to be an Uncle Tom with a Mexican accent. The mass is apathetic, cynically suspicious of outsiders, snobbish toward other minorities. If roused by some miracle, enthusiasm doesn't last long. Organizationally, a series of flashes-in-the-pan is the best you can hope for; and here disillusioned Mexican American leaders will agree right down the line.

The result? In Southern California, a region where this minority constitutes 12 to 25 per cent of the population of most communities, efforts to aid it in working out its problems have been pitifully meagre. Many fine and well-intentioned citizens' groups defer, from months to years, the tackling of the "Mexican" problem. They tackle everything else,

but not that. It's on the agenda, but that's all.

Whether the "heartbreaking" allegations are true or not is beside the point. They could be the result of neglect and ill-advised approaches. Mexican American groups are often assumed to have a maturity and direction which nothing in their confused and chaotic history indicates they could possibly have achieved. An able leader recently said to me: "You know, I think you Anglo-Americans expect too much of our people. We're supposed to know all about housing, fair employment, minority problems, and the state and national legislation relating to them. Then we're supposed to act wisely, in an organized fashion. Where are we to have learned all this?"

Where indeed? No national organizations, no wealth of literature and research, no foundations or lobbies exist for the Mexican American as they do for the Negro. The social distance which separates Anglo and Mexican American populations in the Southwest is wide. The most willing and sympathetic Anglo-American has a hard time finding out what really goes on in a Mexican American colony. All but exceptional Mexican Americans have a confused and distorted idea of what goes on in the major community. The building of any bridge between the two is a major achievement.

Recently, several Southern California communities have succeeded in laying the framework for some workable spans. It's still a framework, and the construc-

SPRINKLING THE GRASS ROOTS

tion isn't perfect, but it's a big improvement on what was there before.

It began in the Pomona Valley, one of those soft, sun-filled, orange-growing valleys whose surface serenity is so deceptive. The personnel was chiefly Mexican American veterans—local boys, ranch workers, railroad laborers, fruit pickers, and mechanics, for the most part. They had enjoyed full democratic privileges in uniform; they had a burning, if confused, desire to get the same privileges for their families and neighbors. Luckier than many burning and confused veterans, they had a sound adviser, Ignacio L. López, a Spanish-language editor with considerable background and experience in working with minority groups—but, like the veterans, a Pomona Valley boy. With his expert aid as *accoucheur*, the Unity Leagues were born in three valley towns.

The Unity Leagues were not veterans' organizations, although veterans played a large part in them. Everyone, from immigrant fathers to bobby-sox sisters, was welcome, provided he wanted to work. But some self-styled, and untrustworthy, leaders were deliberately by-passed, as were some exclusively oratorical types. "We don't want anyone who talks out of both sides of his mouth," said an ex-pfc, "and we don't want anyone who just talks." The neighborhood was to be the base and the objectives the things right under everyone's nose.

There is plenty under everyone's nose in a Mexican American colony. Unpaved streets, bad lighting, no sidewalks, poor garbage and sewage disposal, unpredictable mail delivery, to start with. Then the larger matters, like segregated schools, discrimination in local employment, in public employment—all the familiar minority nightmares.

A familiar and time-honored remedy, the ballot box, was decided upon by the

Unity Leagues. It was harder work than they expected it to be; there were many things the junior-high civics books hadn't told them about organizing a vote and influencing the city fathers. But, after a Mexican American candidate had been elected to one city council, and the Mexican American vote had played a large part in a second city's elections, city fathers and would-be city fathers took a long look. Service improved and committees from the "other side of town" no longer had to wait, hat in hand. Segregated schools disappeared quickly and painlessly in two cities. In another, the clique that keeps water rates at a point that prohibits home gardens is beginning to look nervous. Mexican American names are appearing on safety commissions, planning commissions, co-ordinating councils, and on payrolls heretofore exclusively Anglo-American. This is only a start, and the Unity Leagues know it; but they begin to see a way.

Meanwhile, the veteran ferment was working in other nearby communities. Without help, many little organizational flights fell flat on their faces; others floundered. Providentially, the American Council on Race Relations sent a field worker into the area. From the point of view of Mexican Americans, he was a find. There was nothing of this once-over-lightly, let's-do-something-for-you-poor-people business, to which Mexican Americans have been unduly exposed. Carrying on the name and general aims of the Unity Leagues, Fred W. Ross did a careful job of expansion, developing some interesting techniques of community organization in the process. There are now Unity Leagues in healthy operating condition from Pomona and San Bernardino southward through the two inland valleys to (and including) San Diego. So far as I know, it is the only area of grass-roots organization of Mexican Americans.

COMMON GROUND

The standard technique for working with minorities has been the trickling down process, through group spokesmen. Its great disadvantage is that the trickle doesn't get anywhere near the bottom, where disorganization, undischarged aggression, cynicism, and apathy flourish. To turn these to orderly participation in community affairs, to the working out of problems through traditional American institutions, is a public service long overdue. Using the natural social patterns of an area for community organization is no novelty. The Department of Agriculture has done it for years, and has developed elaborate studies of "vicinage," or neighborhood visiting, patterns. That these might exist and be useful in urban minority groupings is, however, a new idea.

In most Mexican American communities, even in cities as large as San Diego, neighborhood patterns are not difficult to find. The Latin American extended family often survives with unexpected strength. There is a tradition of mutual aid, like the taking up of collections for proper burial. In almost every block some man or woman can be found who is the person "everyone goes to." The trick is to find an original group, perhaps no more than three or four persons, close to their own neighborhoods; they will know others, and those will know still others. If the nucleus is sound and hard-working, the eventual membership will be so. It is often wiser that professional persons—ministers, priests, lawyers, doctors, prominent merchants—act merely as advisers, lest their greater assurance smother budding leadership. (In the Pomona groups, Mr. López, the "natural" leader, deliberately confined himself to an advisory role, with excellent results.) The end sought is not the development of top leadership but the diffusion of responsibility, work, and achievement among many neighborhood leaders.

It is also important that objectives be kept practical, geared to the local picture, and capable of some immediate, if partial, realization. It must be *his* streets, *his* playground, *his* schools, *his* job or *his* neighbor's, to fire the average member to enthusiasm. He has made a great step when he thinks of his problems in terms of the local governing body; he is not yet ready to think in terms of a national, state, or even a county picture. He needs proof, however humble, that democratic processes work; it may be just the repair of a bad hole on Jurupa Street. Local projects are also invaluable in solving the tensions of a mixed neighborhood. Several Unity Leagues have Negro and Nisei members and officers; in common work, differences have been forgotten.

Something of the same philosophy applies to Protestant-Catholic relations in the colony. A breach exists, but it need not be emphasized. Swinging the emphasis constantly to the common (and non-sectarian) issue is in itself helpful. Often Protestant leadership tends to dominate, for, despite the many limitations of "Mexican missions," they do train young people for community participation. Care must be taken to keep committees and officers bi-sectarian; and the policies deriving from Catholic doctrine, such as those in regard to meeting places, should be respected. Many Protestants do not understand such matters and are needlessly tactless. Most parish priests will be co-operative, once they are reassured on these matters. Of that occasional tragic figure—the priest who tries to segregate his flock from everything, from Anglo-Americans, from Negroes, from Jews, from assimilation and acculturation in general—let it be said that fortunately he is rare. The Church itself may see that he is still rarer, for the sake of the faith he represents.

Equally important with healing divi-

sion within the colony is the task of developing common understandings with the major community. Because of ingrained patterns of separation, spontaneous contacts are rare. Anglo-Americans must be willing to walk the first mile and to go easy with free advice on the way. Mr. Ross developed the useful device of having two Anglo-Americans as trustees of a Unity League, and a few League officers as executive committee members of whatever interracial group the community possessed; it has been a good pump-primer for co-operation. But the latter group must remember that the word is *co-operation*, not domination; fledgling organizations must be free to stumble a little and learn from their mistakes. The chairman of the Council on Human Rights in San Bernardino which has done a good job of working with the Mexican American group, said: "You know, the superiority delusion is hard to down. It sneaks back in disguise when we assume, self-righteously, that we know all the answers. There are five fatal words—'We think you ought to.'"

It is helpful, in grass-roots developments, to assume that the roots would have sprouted long ago if they had not been smothered. For Mexican Americans there have been many smothering factors. There is a large and powerful group, chiefly agricultural employers, who would like to see "Mexicans" forever supine, even to unborn generations. They cannot be converted or "educated," but they can be countered. Then there are the well-intentioned Anglo groups, including church organizations, interracial endeavors, labor unions, and so on, who would sincerely like to help. But they often approach their task with an inescapable air of "bringing the light"—and in a hurry! They dominate where they should nurture. Added to this, within the colony itself, unconscious dominance of profes-

sional persons over the large mass, of Protestant leadership over Catholic, or vice versa, often leaves the ordinary citizen without adequate channels of expression.

To modify these patterns, keeping what is valuable and obliterating what is harmful, is work requiring patience. It is often a matter of detail—of constant face-to-face contacts, of never letting the sun set on an injustice, real or fancied, or an undeveloped potential. As Mr. Ross put it, progress is "brick by brick." Unless the new patterns are nourished, they will die. Democracy is not a happenstance; it is an art, requiring, like all arts, training and practice. The Unity Leagues are not little miracles; it took a lot of imagination and energy to get them started. It will take more to keep them going.

Why bother? The real reason for bothering, about a Unity League or a similar organization, is because, in spite of everything, the ideal of the good society is very real in the United States. We fall short of it, but we can't forget it. Our conscience stabs—thank God. And we are beginning to see what we never should have forgotten: that the strength of a society comes from its roots.

Ruth D. Tuck is the author of Not With the Fist, published recently by Harcourt, Brace, a careful and penetrating study of Mexican Americans in the Southwest, concrete and down-to-earth in its approach. Mrs. Tuck is a former social worker, with experience not only in the Southwest but in Mexico, where she studied repatriated Mexicans. The research for Not With the Fist was assisted by the University of Redlands and the anthropology department of UCLA, where Mrs. Tuck is working on her Ph.D., and resulted from the realization that few persons working with Mexican Americans had much to go on beside hunches and guesses.

CLOUDS OVER CANAAN

MARY HARRIS SEIFERT

SHE was glad that she sat beside him, at the back of the classroom. Mamma, too, would have liked him, except for the blond hair and blue eyes. Aunt Hannah would have reminded her that he was a *goi*.

But she liked him and was glad when he asked for the French translation. She gave it to him, every day, and was happy beyond words when he turned to her for help. Even this American university, which would have been heaven in the horrors of Germany such a short time ago, now meant more to her because of him.

He was sunny-haired and blue-eyed, and he was, above all, American.

"The young men used to serenade me," said Mamma, "sometimes a half dozen at a time. I was so popular that many young men came to my father for me. You are like me except that you wear glasses."

"The glasses are indeed bad," agreed Aunt Hannah. "They lessen the beauty of a girl, which a young man, especially a *goi*, desires."

"Have courage," said Mamma, "that you may put aside the glasses, and then you may yet be beautiful and have many young men. Friends are riches, and marriage is wealth."

Glasses, thick lenses, which reflected crescents of light around the edges—she hated them. She knew herself to be small and dark, without beauty, except in the mind where none could see.

Mamma and Aunt Hannah wanted her to be American, lovely and popular. What

was education in the new schools, life in the new country, and escape from the old fears, if there were not friends and, sometime, marriage?

"Your father and your grandfather and your great-grandfather came of the blood of Abraham," said Mamma. "Marriage for you would have been easy in the old country. Here all are *goyim*, whom I do not like. But even here in this land, with patience you will know young men who are strong sons of Israel, and, though I fear and dread it, you may find *goyim* who in their own way are good."

He smiled as he folded her French translation into his book, and the sun glinted in the Irish blue of his eyes. His hair, too, was the copper of a midsummer sunrise. Could he know that he was beautiful, as her people could never be?

"He sits next to me in French class," she told Mamma, "and his name is Dick Shane."

"A *goi*, my child?" asked Aunt Hannah. "Not a *goi*! Remember the horrors from which we fled in the fatherland. Remember the unspeakable end of your father, and of your cousin, and the death of all we knew in Germany. *Goyim*, *goyim*—we must hate as they hated us—"

"Now, Hannah," soothed Mamma. "Be calm. This *goi* of our child is young and innocent of destruction. He is a new world being, without blood upon his hands. Let her bring him to us that we may see his face."

"But, Mamma, he doesn't want to

marry me," she said. "I have only seen him in one of my classes. In the new world, seeing does not mean marriage. I like him, that's all."

"She likes him," groaned Aunt Hannah. "To me, that means marriage, perhaps. I am old, and I have seen it."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah—"

But she liked her shame.

She tried to see herself in the mirror without the glasses. A fog settled over everything. The image in the glass was feathery, without feature, perhaps even beautiful. Beautiful, to match in its darkly pure Semitism the sunlit beauty of the Irish American. She half hoped, half believed it was.

You'll be bringing him home soon.

But a man doesn't date a girl with glasses.

And remember, he is a goi.

The next day she removed her glasses at the door of French 2 and walked through the soft haze to her seat. He didn't notice, until she slipped the translation under his elbow.

"Break your specs?" he said. "Gee, that's tough."

But he looked at her for a long moment and seemed to smile, very far away, in the fog.

"He says I should see him play the Thanksgiving game," she said at the table.

"To spend one's time kicking a ball with the foot," put in Aunt Hannah, "seems childish business for a young man. Are you sure that you like this American who does not make use of his hours?"

"Let her be," said Mamma. "It is the American way for the grown folk to play like children."

"Bring him home," said Aunt Hannah. "Harm can come if you do not. Your mamma and I, we must see him."

Bring him home, to the three dark

rooms, the German Yiddish of Mamma, the goi-hatred of Aunt Hannah? Bring him home, when he did not know she lived, except in French class?

But Mamma and Aunt Hannah expect to see him.

"Mamma—Aunt Hannah—"

They laughed, eager for her happiness.

"Are you using your pass for the Thanksgiving game?" he asked next day. "I'd like to have it, if you're not going."

Her ticket? Hadn't he asked, or almost asked, her to come to see him play?

"Yep, gotta have a gal's pass. I'll pay you whatever you want, if you don't want too much. This is very spesh."

He put the blue ticket into his pocket without glancing at it.

"You're a good egg." He smiled, and the sun shone in the copper of his hair and the blue of his eyes. "Now, what can I do for you, since you won't take any jack for the ducat? Thanks for the translation every day, too—golly, I sure woulda had to burn the midnight if it hadn't been for you."

"Dick—" She hesitated. "Dick—"

The fog lay heavy over her, and she felt suddenly afraid and alone, in this strange land.

"G'wan. What's on your mind, if any?"

His hair was smooth and golden even through the haze without her glasses.

"Dick, could you—would you come over Friday to my house?"

He looked at her in silence. He shifted and glanced at his watch.

Bring him home, to Mamma and Aunt Hannah, just once, to show them that of all these Americans, one liked her, for their sake and for her own. Not marriage, that was old world and could wait, but liking, which was new world, was suddenly of more importance than life. Someone must like her.

"I'm damn near swamped with field

practice and everything. I oughta stay home and study. And I sorta think my uncle's coming this week end. Honest."

He looked at her again.

"Whatsa matter, chicken? You oughta get them specs of yours fixed, so you wouldn't blink so much."

"I'm all right, and so are my glasses." She jammed them on her nose and looked hard at her book. "I make no more French translations for you. I was saying fun when I asked you to my house. I do not want you to come, ever." She tried to hold her voice steady.

"Aw, heck, I was only kidding." He stared at her as if he saw her for the first time.

"You're very okay, kid."

She sat silent, with her eyes turned from him, seeing nothing.

"If you won't talk, I guess you don't really want me to come over, do you? Yes or no?"

For Mamma and Aunt Hannah, an American boy.

"Eight-thirty, then, sister," he laughed. "I'll be there. I meant to come, all along. You shouldn't mind the kidding. You're not peeved anymore, are you?"

"The dress is too long," said Mamma, "a good fault in the old country, but not here. We should have gotten one from a store, that she might feel wholly American. An American young man is coming, you should remember."

"The dress is short enough," said Aunt Hannah, jerking the skirt. "If I can make dresses for school in the new country, I should also make one for the visit of the young man. Besides, it saves money."

The dress hung from her shoulders in tired folds, cut large for much wear.

"I made it with good seams and wide hem," said Aunt Hannah, "but it does not give her beauty. In some strange way, she saddens all her dresses."

The clock was a round disk in the haze. She wondered if it were after 8:30. She could not ask again, for they would notice that her glasses were gone. Her throat was dry and hard. It must be nearly 9, off in the fog. Where was he? What were they thinking? What would they say when her fear had become a truth?

"Better wash the coloring from the cheeks," Aunt Hannah was saying. "A painted face is not good."

"We'll go to the kitchen when he comes, child," said Mamma. "I have heard it is the new world way. But first Hannah and I must see him."

Sure, I'll come over. You're very okay.

But you wear glasses, and you are a foreigner, although you now attend an American college. You must remember, you and your father and your father's father were of the blood of Abraham. You must learn to be lonely, a stranger in a new world which can never be wholly yours. You are a kike, a sheeny, a kraut, a foreigner.

"He is a goi," said Aunt Hannah. "Remember what the goyim have done to your people."

Sure, I'll come over. But I'm damn near swamped with field practice.

"It's 9:15," said Mamma. "Do you think a misfortune has befallen the young man?"

"All goyim lie, and none can speak the truth," said Aunt Hannah.

"Send him home at 11," said Mamma. "Let him know respect for your virtue."

"Yes, Mamma." She dug her nails into her palms. She knew now, almost, what must happen.

9:15 by the disk in the haze, while Mamma sat in one chair, and Hannah in the other.

She felt tired and ashamed and fearful. She was desperately afraid.

Please, God, let him come, just this once.

"It's 9:30, child."

Just this once.

"What evil has happened?"

"If evil has happened, it is well for our child. Goyim are not for us, nor their ways."

Please. I am a woman and should bear unhappiness, but let the young man come, with his golden hair, to my house, just once.

Steps, going past.

Steps. A car. Steps.

Mamma and Aunt Hannah. Glasses and shame.

She picked up a magazine she had brought from the library and turned its pages slowly.

They laughed when I sat down to play.

Even your best friend won't tell you.

Charm him with Charmoil.

Use Maidform girdles to be alluring.

The American way.

Avoid middle-aged skin.

The American way.

Avoid the fate of the wallflower.

The American way.

Avoid that future shadow.

Avoid—the American way.

Please, hear me. Make him come. If he can't come, let it be because of an accident, not a bad one, but just enough that I may have no cause for shame. Make him come, just this once, so they won't know that we whose faces are dark and foreign must be forever lonely unless we find a friend who looks first into the heart.

You cannot understand, Mamma and Aunt Hannah, because you are the old world. You will be hurt, here, again and again, and in your pain, you will hurt me.

9:45, and the clock still ticking.

They were looking at her, Mamma with her sewing fallen into her lap, and Aunt Hannah with her knitting smoothed on her knee.

You, too, can be popular. You, too, can be a champ. The American way.

The magazine slid to the floor.

"He said he was busy, that he might not be able to come, at the last minute."

The two women looked at her in silence.

"He's awfully busy."

The silence grew heavy.

"Very busy—"

"He's a goi," said Aunt Hannah, and the silence again descended.

No longer any need to live in the haze. She slipped the glasses from beneath her French grammar and thrust them on her nose. The room grew hard and bright and clear—but to the end, she must try.

"Field practice, football and everything—"

"Does this young man practice football even at night?" Aunt Hannah wrinkled her nose.

"Let her alone," said Mamma. "It is hard to be both German and Jewish in a strange land. It is a double and a triple curse in the sorrow of these days."

Mamma stroked the hand which held the French grammar for tomorrow's class.

"Do not be sad, my golden one," she said. "Someday, my child, someday—"

And then they did not look at her but sat staring at the floor.

Mary Harris Seifert is a California freelance writer, whose "Faces in the Sun" appeared in our Autumn 1946 issue.

DO I HAVE A JEWISH COMPLEX?

EDITH HANDLEMAN

LIFE magazine and *Thieves in the Night* join in telling me that there has grown up in Palestine a new generation of Jews. Their striking difference from the traditional Jew is exemplified by the fact that their resistance methods resemble those of the Irish Republican Army, hardly the historic Jewish attitude.

All this, says the modern writer, is due to the fact that they have gained the psychological security of their own land and are free from the tension which be-sets Jews in other countries. It is enough to convince me that I should be a Zionist, something my Sunday-school teachers failed to do. And it has also crystallized my wondering about whether or not I myself have some complex because I'm Jewish.

I am always robbed in antique shops because I refuse to bargain. The phrase "Jewing down" haunts me.

When we sing the Doxology in our college dining hall, I cannot sing the line "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Some superstitious fear makes me slur the words in spite of myself.

Someone once told me that being neurotic was having exaggerated reactions. I am not neurotic, nor are my friends, yet in most of us I find exaggerated reactions. Slightings hurt more than they should; friendship draws us running; sad books make us cry.

All my life I have had all the social, educational, and financial opportunities I could possibly utilize. No one has ever shown prejudice deliberately to hurt me.

Yet I feel that I accepted a burden the first day I realized I was a Jew. Being Jewish in today's world always involves some little twisting of thought. I do not know enough about psychological terms to name it. Using the language of the layman, I call it a "complex."

Part of the complex today is a hatred for the word tolerance. How smug the word is—implying, as it does, the enduring of something which cannot be helped. It is the girl who lives upstairs saying, "I could like your Catholic roommate if only she weren't so narrow. If only the Catholics were more broad-minded, like the Protestants, it would be so much easier to like them." Somewhere I have developed a prejudice against the people who assure me that they will tolerate me. Is that my complex—the feeling that I am tolerated as first clarinetist, president of my house, or junior editor of the paper simply because I have earned the position and there is no help for it? The one thing my heart cries for is acceptance.

Probably I am accepted. Undoubtedly, the barrier is in my mind. But I wonder why it is there?

I find that I am continually justifying the two groups in which I live, each to the other. All my family's relatives are close-knit city Jews. Don't we find prejudice in the small town we live in, they ask. Do we really enjoy going to church? And did the rabbi say it was all right? Does my little sister have any girl friends? Would we let her go out with Gentile

DO I HAVE A JEWISH COMPLEX?

boys? They find it hard to comprehend the happiness we found when circumstances forced us to live away from the Jewish group; they cannot believe that the community accepts us.

At school the Christian girls, though less frank, ask for explanations, air their uncomprehending views about Jews. "I could never understand why the Jewish girls get so many more parcels of food from home," says the girl across the hall. A discussion follows, an explanation of the reasons why Jewish homes have had to be more close and self-sufficient than others. The fact that dormitory food is strange to Jewish students brought up in orthodox homes follows, and the mystic word kosher is cleared up. The girl across the hall had had queer notions about what the word meant.

I do all this explaining because somehow I feel responsible. I am anxious to give Marie the right impression of Jews—but not for my own sake. I already know that she likes me, understands me. I am trying to help all the Jews she will meet years from now.

Why should I feel this responsibility for people I will never meet? Where did this burden come from?

Incredible as it seems, I did not know I was Jewish, or what a Jew was, until I was six. With a child's love of colors and textures, I owned the Christmas tree at the home of our friends, the Mullers. We visited there on Christmas Eve, and I remember saying to Mary, "Let's not tell Shirley there isn't any Santa Claus. After all, she's only four." I would go to sleep with the Muller girls and wake with them at midnight to get our gifts. I never understood why, no matter how much I teased, my parents would not let me have a tree in my living room so that I could look at it for twelve days the way the Muller girls did. Although they took

me to the Mullers' in the interests of friendship and a broad, pleasant background, they were still too bound by superstitious fear to have a tinsel tree in their home.

My first faint awareness of some difference, then, was that somehow I was being denied this pleasant vision of the tree in my house.

Although I did not connect it with this disappointment, my other early awareness of "difference" was also connected with an unpleasant feeling. Visiting my orthodox aunts when I was little, I had to be told in whispers that one must not ask for butter when there is meat on the table. I was nervous in their kitchen; I wanted to help, but somehow I knew that certain dish towels were for different dishes, and I did not dare ask.

Before I knew what Judaism was, then, I had experienced the feeling of being different both from the Gentile and from the orthodox Jew.

My first grade in Buffalo was "progressive," so much so that a teachers' college sent delegates to watch the class. They came on Saturday, and we prepared for them enthusiastically.

"If any Jewish children are called on," said the teacher, "you won't want to write on Saturday, so just ask someone to take your place at the blackboard."

I was not sure if that meant me. I had always written on Saturday. I did not know what a Jew was. My family must have mentioned the word often, though, because I had a hunch that maybe she meant me. I asked my friend Nancy, and she said, yes, I was Jewish, and so was she. It was hard to give up my chance to recite for the visitors, but if Miss Harrison thought I should act like a Jew, I was too proud to admit that in my home I had never been taught anything about the Sabbath. The first time I consciously lined myself with the Jews, then, was

both embarrassing and somewhat in the nature of a sacrifice.

Other times, since, I have observed my religion more for appearances than for inward comfort. It is no longer as it was in first grade, however, from personal pride, but rather because, as my Sunday-school teachers and my parents said, "People will have more respect for all Jews if they see that you observe your religion."

For my parents realized that I could not cope with Gentiles and Jews without some background. One day when I was ten I came home to find a strange man in the living room discussing "Judaism" with my father. It was a new word to me, and I liked its sound, but my mother told me to go outdoors and play. It was not until this moment of writing that I realized the part that stranger must have played in the bringing of my parents "back into the fold." The next Sunday I was sent, with my girl friend Louise, to Sunday school, and the strange man was my teacher.

To be a Jewish girl there at Sunday school, following Louise's proprietary advice, was to be a princess. It was better than being a gypsy. I was taught about my heritage. I owned the silver candlesticks and the velvet-covered parchment scrolls that tinkled their silver bells gayly when they were carried around the synagogue. Everybody else would have to go to school some special holiday, while I could dress up in my best and go to temple.

Later on, I relished the day of fasting and repentance that comes in the fall, starting the new year. Someone had told me that I must not wash my teeth in the morning for fear of swallowing water and thus breaking my fast. I asked my father, who, I proudly discovered, knew all about these things. "Yes," he said. "Don't brush your teeth, if you want to be strict

and old-fashioned about it." I did want to be old-fashioned. I thrilled to the strains of the traditional Kol Nidre. I gloried in the day of fasting, when, dressed in our best ("If God is good it'll be cold enough for them to wear fur coats," said my mother dryly), we wandered from temple to synagogue, gazing wide-eyed from the women's balcony in the orthodox synagogue. Below, the rabbi became a high priest and covered his face with the white prayer shawl lest the people be blinded by his glory.

"If you peek now, you go blind," Daddy had said. "I peeked when I was eight and, as you know, I went blind two years ago. Now, what does that prove?" I didn't know.

I didn't peek. I compared notes with my friends, enjoying the little family traditions they revealed: Muriel's folks broke the fast at sundown with fresh grapes; Eddie's family started their "break fast" meal with grapefruit juice; my own mother, remembering her childhood in an orthodox family, insisted that we must have orange juice and then wait a while before tearing into the feast.

While my father pointedly looked the other way and the family smiled nostalgic smiles, I stole the special piece of unleavened bread on the eve of the Passover, and then demanded ransom for it when my father came to the end of the service and declared loudly, "We cannot finish this ceremony without the *Aphikomen*. Where can it be? I will give whoever has it anything she wants." Then one year I smiled understandingly, for my little sister was old enough to steal it and claim the traditional booty. She was always afraid of matches, though, so I continued to have the honor of lighting the eight candles in honor of the brave Maccabee brothers during the feast of lights.

I learned in the Reform temple to be

DO I HAVE A JEWISH COMPLEX?

proud of the accomplishments of my forbears. I did not learn the theology of my faith, as I wish I had. Instead of learning the guide to living which other religions taught, I was taught justification for my existence as a Jew. I was so busy learning to protect and polish my treasure that I never got a chance to stand and look at it. I could not live normally. I must be ready to answer accusations (they have never come) and to realize the worth of my people.

I am glad I learned about the great philosophers, about the contributions of the Jews to America. But why has no one told me what the prophets left of their wisdom to guide me? My little sister is learning, upon her own request, in the less modern Conservative temple. She learns what the prayers mean, where the eighteen blessings come from, why they carry the scroll of the ark through the synagogue. I envy her. I would rather know that than eighteen rhetorical facts about why the Jews could not have killed Christ.

My first encounter with prejudice—the almost-instinctive, superstitious kind—came when we sang Christmas carols in the fourth grade. Louise, who sat next to me, scowled as I caroled a bit off key that “Christ the Saviour is born.” “You mustn’t say those words,” she whispered, and there was nothing intellectual behind her reproof. She had a blind fear of the cross and the Christ, instilled unconsciously by her parents, to whom the sight of the cross had meant a crowd of crazed peasants bent on religious massacre, a dread pogrom. Louise’s warning is still with me; I cannot repeat the responses in Chapel services at school without a fear, which I lay to the more rational feeling that I am playing the hypocrite. There is still a shivering as if the roof might fall in when I say the words “for His name’s sake.”

By this time we had moved to Boston, and the public school was no longer progressive. New England children that we were, we read *Little Women* in fourth grade, and I asked Miss Roger what it meant when it said that Marmee had given the girls the story of the greatest life ever lived. Miss Roger said, “Oh, you wouldn’t know.” She seemed embarrassed. “It’s—well—I don’t know if you—uh, it’s the story of Jesus.”

I blushed for her thinking me ignorant; I could not stand that in fourth grade. For some obscure reason I read the whole of *Pilgrim’s Progress* before that year was out, and years later, living in a small town, I went to the Presbyterian Sunday school so that Miss Rogers would never have to explain things to me again. But the part that impressed me most was her uncomfortable, “Oh, you wouldn’t know.” I had never told the teacher I was Jewish, yet somehow she thought I might excusably be different. Did my difference show? Could any person, meeting me, say, “That little girl is different from my little girl—she must be Jewish—there are some things she does not know”? And why the restraint, the murmur? It must be like that question of why babies look like their fathers—evidently better left unasked. This was another of those things people only whispered about. To this day I find it so. The college bull-session takes on a thrilling, daring tension when sex or religion comes up for discussion.

The Sunday school was Zionist; it taught me to accept the burden of the woes of the Jewish world in pre-Hitlerian days. I was my brother’s keeper, in more ways than one. My father explained to me how what I did reflected on all the Jews. “Caesar’s wife must be above reproach,” he cautioned. I felt that I was the focal point for many hypercritical eyes. It is not a healthy feeling for a

COMMON GROUND

child: that every action is watched by a world of people capable of hurting others in return for every bad impression he makes.

All this was being built in my mind; the scant anti-Semitism I saw did not hurt me. To a dramatic child, the yell of the boy across the street, "Little Jew," was only another thrilling event in a life full of thrills. It was something to gloat about, especially since the boy across the street was dirty and dumb, and I already played second clarinet in the school orchestra while he played only third.

When my persistent questions brought from my mother the news that we did not go to the Mullers' any more because Mr. Muller had joined some German American organization, I felt none of the hurt which must have been in her heart. I had heard the name Hitler a few times. This was exciting, as, years later, was the first service enlistment in our family; the world and its affairs were coming into my life.

Anti-Semitism, whatever else it may be, is also an attitude in the Jew's mind. He will either exaggerate or ignore it. Whether he reads discrimination into every slight, or else refuses to accept the fact that prejudice has been shown, his mental attitude hurts him.

I have met some who "blame everything on the weather—or anti-Semitism." Recently I heard a city woman say, "I must move. My children are part of such a small minority in this part of the city and there's so much persecution in the high school." I know her children; I was their counselor at camp. I am prejudiced against them myself. As long as their mother excuses every failure, soothes them and cries "anti-Semitism," they will probably retain their thoughtless, rude ways.

"Oh, no," protests this woman. "I

wouldn't have let Beverly join that sorority—and be the only Jewish girl in it. But it's just the idea—why wasn't she asked? Isn't this a democracy?"

Yet if Beverly had said instead, "There is no prejudice in the school. This must be my fault if the girls don't want me," she faces another danger. I have seen it this year, when a friend of my little sister was not chosen to the high school sorority. Having been taught at home not to look for excuses, she does not believe it was anti-Semitism. Perhaps it is some lack in herself. With teen-age hopelessness she examines herself for the "queer" streak. The doubt is enough to start some little twist in her mind, and the next time there may be a real lack within her.

Here prejudice was shown, but neither accepted the fact. Beverly gets angry; my sister's friend refuses to face it. Both have the beginnings of a nice "complex." They will take the same way out; they are intelligent girls, and they will aim for high marks, school offices, nice clothes. Isn't it the traditional compensation of the Jew? I do not know whose fault the high school situation is. I do know I cannot change the fact that sororities are organized on religious divisions.

What I can change is my reaction to the world. Three things I can do: I will cease being "proud of my race"—or ashamed of it; I will show Christians and Jews that these differences in our customs and beliefs are not "touchy" subjects but interesting questions; and I will realize that I am prejudiced as any Christian is.

One thing I resent in the "tolerant" Christian is his praising me because Albert Einstein is brilliant, or because Moses was wise. I cannot accept these as my own achievements, or as accomplishments which by some metaphysical means have been communicated to me. If I did, I should also have to make apol-

DO I HAVE A JEWISH COMPLEX?

ogies to the world because Lepke Buchalter becomes a public enemy. I had nothing to do with either. If I expect the world to recognize this fact in some instances, consistency makes me shy away from ignoring it in others.

The Christians I meet are eager to learn about Jews. When I mention Judaism casually in conversation and seem ready to talk about Jewish beliefs and customs, they recover from the shock of hearing the taboo word and start asking questions.

With Jews I am more frank—about the question of prejudice as about so many other things—and I present my view without looking for a subtle opening. “Christians do not sit up nights thinking of ways to hurt you,” I protest. “They don’t even know what you’re like, but they’re open-minded and willing to learn.” And I go off into tales of my town.

Once, years ago, a Jewish girl friend called me an anti-Semite. She said I had no right to talk to Christians about Judaism, that I did not know what it was. She resented my looking for local color in the home life and synagogue. She was amazed, as many Jews are, at my statement that Jews are prejudiced.

I have seen, through living in a small town, attending church, and becoming an intimate friend to many Christians, that it is almost impossible to be an unprejudiced Christian. But I feel that an unprejudiced Jew is even rarer. So much prejudice is excusable that the Jew is likely to rationalize his inexplicable, human dislikes and make no effort to over-

come them. “It’s self-defense,” he argues, as Jewish father forbids his daughter to go out with Gentiles, and Jewish fraternity completes segregation on the campus.

The thinking Jew usually protests earnestly at the assertion that Jews are prejudiced. Or, if he admits the prejudice, he maintains that the main job is to combat anti-Semitism. Eliminate prejudice from the Gentile, and the Jew’s defense against it will disappear, he maintains.

I agree with him. But I do not look for the end of anti-Semitism in a hurry. Let the rest of the thinking Jews fight someone else’s prejudice. My one voice will be raised against my own flaw. Because I have an excuse, I am inclined to condone my own narrow-mindedness. Newspapers, magazines, preachers support my satisfying theory that it is the Gentile who is prejudiced.

I am not only one of a martyr race. I am one of a group suffering from a martyr complex which blinds it to itself. Playing Caesar’s wife is not a healthy pastime.

Edith Handleman is a Senior at Syracuse University, majoring in journalism and English. She edited the '46-'47 freshman handbook, was junior editor of the Daily Orange, and is on the editorial staff of Tabard, the literary magazine. She writes a twice-weekly column in the Daily Orange. Back in the spring of 1942 she won COMMON GROUND's essay contest for high school students with a piece called "We Are America," published in the Summer 1942 issue.

MISS EMMELINE

LUCILE ROSENHEIM

MISS EMMELINE of the Emmeline Wyatt School of the Dance awoke this drizzly May morning with her usual spring recital headache. It was perfectly ridiculous, she knew, for a woman of her age, after twenty-six years of teaching, to feel so quaky. But this performance was important—vitally important. And yesterday's dress rehearsal had been frightful.

Sophie Schonfarb still finished the Military Tap four beats behind the chorus; the sunflower costumes were a stale mustard yellow; and three children from the Skaters' Clog were in bed with the measles. Miss Emmeline had spent the entire night dancing, dancing out every step of every routine over and over in her head.

The telephone rang and her heart stopped. Another rash! She snatched her robe and slippers and pattered into the hall.

"Hello," she said, ready for the worst.

"I want to speak to Miss Wyatt." It was a brittle, peremptory old voice, vaguely familiar.

"This is Miss Wyatt."

"Well, good morning, Emmy. This is Portia Reynolds."

Suddenly Miss Emmeline's left hand, the one that held the receiver, went limp as a leaf. This was Mrs. Dunbar Reynolds, and she had called her *Emmy*. Miss Emmeline felt the same clutch of frightened awe she used to feel many years ago when the Reynolds had lived next door and Portia Reynolds had paid calls on Ma-

ma. "Why, Mrs. Reynolds, how do you do?"

"Very well, thank you. My granddaughter, Abby, is dancing in your recital today. Will you reserve three seats for us near the front?"

"Of course, Mrs. Reynolds. How lovely of you to come!" A flush of pleasure, delicate as a withered nasturtium, lighted on Miss Emmeline's cheeks.

"Abby's a sweet child, well worth the trip in from Lake Forest. But I do want a good seat and I know how crowded your recitals always are. Thank you, my dear. Good-bye."

The click of the receiver did not break the connection. Miss Emmeline felt herself projected back twenty years to when Mama and Papa were still alive. She had a hundred and fifty pupils then, all from the very best families, and her spring recitals were not held in tiny Apollo Hall, but in the Princess Theatre. How could Mrs. Reynolds know that those happy times were over? That the dreadful cut-rate studios on Nixon Avenue had ruined the dancing profession? Thank heavens, Mrs. Reynolds did not suspect that Miss Emmeline's school had dwindled to thirty-three pupils, all daughters of—well—newcomers.

With a reminiscent spurt of energy Miss Emmeline scuttled into the bathroom, kicked off the frayed satin toe-ballets demoted to bedroom slippers, and hung Papa's faded Navajo robe on the doorknob. But as she stepped over the high rim of the old marble tub, she had

a qualm. About Abby. Although the dear child's family was one of the few really nice families still marooned on the South Side, poor Abby was stiff as a stick. She was not the type for the Gypsy Dance, and in yesterday's rehearsal she had forgot to do her *cabrioles* and stood, panic-stricken, in the middle of the stage until the accompanist improvised an exit.

Would the children's mistakes, Miss Emmeline wondered, prejudice the Community Center Committee?

Unfortunately, she had been too distracted when Mrs. Udolini brought up the matter to find out.

It was on a Saturday afternoon just three weeks ago, when Miss Emmeline was resting in her dressing room after five hours of teaching. She felt battered with weariness; her knees trembled; her arches ached; her ears rattled with shuffles and time-steps. She was trying to summon the energy to change into street clothes, when Mrs. Udolini, in her house dress, looking for all the world like a sofa cushion in a too tight cretonne slip cover, appeared in the doorway.

"I know you're terrible busy," she said, smiling apologetically. "But I got a nice surprise for you." With that, she took a clean handkerchief out of her purse and methodically wiped the glistening folds of her fat, pink neck.

"A surprise for me?" Miss Emmeline removed a stack of kitten costumes from a chair, and Mrs. Udolini sat down on it.

"Yes, a nice surprise. Last night at the Community Center meeting we decided to put on a show in our auditorium for Children's Brotherhood Week. Like you see in the newspapers, everybody's giving charity balls and benefits to raise money. So I gave my idea how we can raise money, too."

"Yes?"

"I told the committee my Maria takes dancing lessons from you nearly three

years now, and I'm satisfied. You should put on the show."

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure." Miss Emmeline glanced at her wrist watch pointedly.

"Mrs. Madigan that owns the shoe store says you're too old-fashioned. I says you teach real art—not that jitterbug stuff. I says you studied with all the big Russian dancers."

Miss Emmeline drummed her fingers impatiently on the arm of her chair. Of course Mrs. Udolini meant well, but really, Emmeline Wyatt, whose grandfather had helped build the city, did not need an Italian fruit vendor for a press agent!

"I studied with Fokine," said Miss Emmeline brusquely, "and Karsavina. I still use their dances in my recitals."

"Just what I said! And I won the argument. So we're selling three hundred tickets for fifty cents apiece and you get half the money. That's seventy-five dollars," concluded Mrs. Udolini happily.

"Seventy-five dollars!" A windfall! A treasure. A gift from heaven. Miss Emmeline smiled, her skin crinkling into fine folds like used tissue paper.

"And that ain't all. When everybody sees how good your pupils do, they'll all want to take lessons from you. It means," finished Mrs. Udolini triumphantly, "that next year you can fix your roof where it leaks and maybe even have enough heat in the house so you don't catch your death of cold running through them damp halls all winter."

Miss Emmeline's smile vanished and her face stiffened. It was indecent of Mrs. Udolini to expose these personal matters. Miss Emmeline stood up rigidly.

"Thank you very much for your efforts," she said coldly, fixing her eyes several inches above Mrs. Udolini's head.

Mrs. Udolini trotted plumply to the door. "Remember, the date is Saturday,

June 24th; so you got plenty time to see that all the dances go good!"

But Miss Emmeline did not have plenty of time, because the Community Center Committee wanted to see her May recital before actually deciding. These last three weeks the children had worked hard, but some of them, like Abby, seemed no better at yesterday's dress rehearsal than at the first lesson.

Miss Emmeline smeared a handful of carefully saved scraps of soap on the washrag and rubbed her knotty dancer's legs. Should she have given the Gypsy Dance to Shirley Donacheck? Shirley had talent, so much talent that she was really exhausting! But the child was utterly without background; just a blaze of temperament in a practice costume that always recked of those dreadful sausage sandwiches she carried in her suitcase.

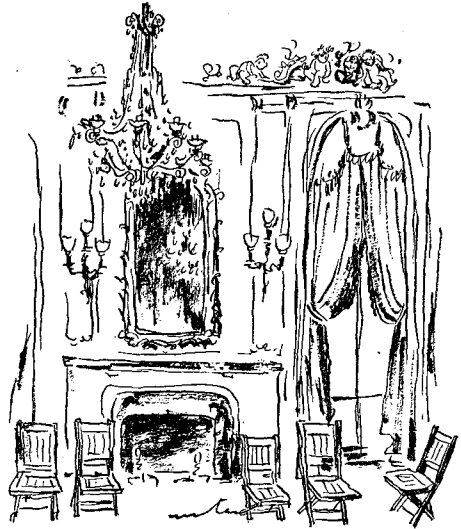
Odors, as a matter of fact, were one of Miss Emmeline's occupational afflictions. She still held her classes in the ballroom of the big gray stone house Grandpa had built; but since the foreign element had taken over the South Side, even this room had changed. In spite of its crystal chandelier, its cherub-painted ceiling and mirrored walls, it had lost its elegance. The vulgar medley of talcum powder, onions, garlic, dime-store candy and sweaty ballet slippers invariably sent her to bed after a busy day with a sick headache.

Miss Emmeline climbed out of the tub and dried her ropy body briskly, for, as always, she was cold. The house never lost its dampness or its draughts. With fuel so expensive, she could not afford to use the furnace. She heated the four rooms she used in winter with their fireplaces, and the January chill lingered in the stairwells, the closets, the corridors from one year to the next.

She dressed quickly, pinning Mama's topaz beetle high enough on the faithful brown silk to conceal the crepe folds of

her throat. Then, observing the gray fringe, she touched up the part in her hair with a toothbrush dipped in henna, and afterward rubbed a disc of rouge on each cheekbone.

Miss Emmeline hurried downstairs. As usual, she carried her breakfast of a banana, wholewheat toast, and tea into



the dining room on a tray. There had not been a servant in the house in twenty years, but the kitchen always would be servants' quarters. She did not stop to wash the dishes. She wanted to get to the theatre quickly, to polish up the rough spots for Mrs. Udolini's Community Center Committee.

Ordinarily, Miss Emmeline took the streetcar, but today she need not let the two cents difference in fare matter. She boarded a bus and settled down in a seat next to the window and soon yielded, as she frequently had during these last weeks, to the luxury of certain daydreams.

The seventy-five dollars would be a gift from Providence; it had nothing to do with her budget. Should she spend it to replace rusty window screens or repair the roof? Or dared she be frivolous—buy a

new lavender teaching dress, balcony seats for the Ballet Russe? She might even indulge in chicken now and then, or an occasional Sunday dinner at the Blue Parrot. If today's recital proved a success, surely the performance on the 24th of June would bring new pupils for next season. She might even have a summer term.

There were so many intriguing alternatives that the ride downtown was all too short and Miss Emmeline was startled when the driver called Wilton Street and she had to scurry across the boulevard to make the green light.

Although Miss Emmeline's pupils had presented just about the same dances with the same artless blunders for the past twenty-six years, she never approached a recital without an attack of nervous indigestion and an inclement bladder. Today was no exception. The hour before the curtain went up was pure torture.

Children squabbled, mislaid their props, and smeared their makeup. Abby, walking out her routine in the wings, again forgot her *cabrioles* and Lily Mae, limbering up for her acrobatic tap, fell down in a back-bend and bumped her head. Carla and Sylvia got in everybody's way practicing grab-rolls in their soft-shoe duet, and although Miss Emmeline let Francie review her Scarf Dance three times, the child still handled the chiffon as though it were a flagpole.

But, fortunately, the important patrons arrived on time.

The Community Center Committee, looking, Miss Emmeline thought, conspicuously overdressed in their flashing, flowered prints, were escorted by the beaming Mrs. Udolini to the fifth row center, just behind Abby's family in their crisp tailored suits and white gloves.

The curtain went up at two-thirty and, as always, with the first encore Miss Emmeline's jitters subsided. The lusty applause of mamas and papas, relatives and

friends, was contagious. The Reynolds' row gave smiling sanction to performers and audience alike; and the Community Center Committee clapped for everything: for Sophie Schonfarb with her extra beats, for the Dutch boy who lost his shoe, for the Kittens who *jeté*d into the backdrop and for dear, conscientious Abby who plodded through her dance steadfastly and without a mistake.

It was no wonder that when the curtain lowered on the finale and the mothers started their rush backstage, Miss Emmeline did not see Portia Reynolds until the older woman reached for her hand.

"Emmy," she cried, "I congratulate you! It was perfectly delightful." She pressed Miss Emmeline's fingers warmly.

Tears sprang into Miss Emmeline's eyes. Mrs. Dunbar Reynolds was standing in front of all these people, holding her hand and calling her Emmy. Miss Emmeline had to clear her throat twice before she could murmur, "Thank you so much."

"And how talented your pupils are," Mrs. Reynolds continued. "Really, Shirley Donachek dances like a professional."

"Abby," said Miss Emmeline, "is my favorite pupil. My very favorite."

Mrs. Reynolds shook her head. "You're just being tactful. The poor child is pallid as oatmeal. What she needs, and what you and I need, is a little of the Russian or Italian or Slavic in us. Some fire and temperament to make us interesting! Now I had an idea," she went on, "as I watched your lovely youngsters. We're giving a benefit for the Infant Welfare Society at my place in the country and it would be a great treat for us if they could dance in the garden. Of course we can't pay for entertainment, and I doubt that it would get you new pupils, since it's in Lake Forest, but it would be enchanting for us. I should expect you out

COMMON GROUND

early for luncheon, Emmy, with the French Consul and a few of my intimate friends."

Miss Emmeline's cheeks turned scarlet. Never, never in all her life had anything so wonderful happened to her. Luncheon at Fair Oaks with the best, the very best people!

"The date," said Mrs. Reynolds, "is set for the opening of Children's Brotherhood Week—Saturday, June the 24th."

June the 24th! For a cataclysmic moment Miss Emmeline saw clearly the approving faces of the Community Center Committee and heard their remunerative applause. *Seventy-five dollars. Roof, screens, tickets for the ballet.*

Then, resolutely, "We'll be delighted to come," Miss Emmeline said, her voice as gay as a polka. "It will be a lovely adventure for us all."

Afterward, in the dressing room, Mrs. Udolini was singularly unreasonable. "But you've got to put on your show for us," she insisted. "The Committee's accepted your recital."

Patiently and slowly, as she often talked to her duller pupils, Miss Emmeline explained. "It's unfortunate that both events are on the same day, but I can't possibly disappoint Portia Reynolds. She's one of my oldest friends."

Mrs. Udolini shook her head so emphatically that the velvet violets perched on her pompadour trembled. "That's your trouble. Excuse me for saying it, Miss Wyatt. You think of art, friends, everything but business first! It ain't sensible. No wonder you lose all your pupils."

"I've made my decision," said Miss Emmeline sharply.

"So O.K. I tell the Committee. But"—suddenly Mrs. Udolini's face turned red as a ripe tomato—"you can count my Maria out. For the show and for lessons next year." She started toward the door. "And remember, you got as much head for business as a cabbage!"

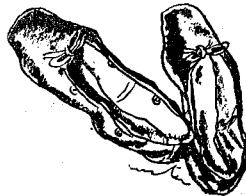
For a moment Miss Emmeline was taken aback, but only for a moment. It would be foolish to let this vulgar outburst from a fruit peddler spoil her happy, happy hour. Firmly, almost buoyantly, she banished Mrs. Udolini with the rest of the Committee from her thoughts. All the way home on the street-car she kept repeating to herself the magic words of Mrs. Reynolds' invitation.

How perfectly miraculous it was that this great luck should come to her now, when she needed it so much! How pleased Mama and Papa would be to know that even after all these years their daughter still moved in the very best society.

When she walked into the kitchen to boil the breakfast tea leaves over again and arrange a platter of crackers and peanut butter for her supper, she could not settle down. For the first time in oh, so many years, Miss Emmeline was absolutely giddy with bliss.

Lucile Rosenheim's "Diploma" appeared in our Winter 1946 issue. She is currently finishing a novel.

The sketches are by Bernadine Custer.



If the NAACP should lose the case in the Oklahoma Supreme Court, in all probability the case will be carried to the United States Supreme Court, and it is anticipated that the latter court will re-examine the doctrine of separate but equal facilities and will reject it as a violation of the equal protection and due

process clauses of the 14th Amendment. If the separate but equal doctrine in educational facilities should become illegal, the next step would be to prepare a case to test the doctrine of separate but equal facilities as applied to other places of public accommodation, particularly common carriers.

• Miscellany •

CG READERS should find very useful the special January 1947 issue of Survey Graphic on "Segregation: Color Pattern from the Past—Our Struggle to Wipe It Out," edited by Thomas Sancton. Tracing the roots of segregation in our history, the number appraises its costs not only in money but in twisted human personality, discusses advances and setbacks in dealing with the evil, and delineates in detail how and where citizens and communities, educational institutions and social organizations have taken constructive hold. Available from Survey Graphic, 112 East 19 Street, New York 3. 60c a copy, two for \$1, or five for \$2.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN is a brilliant new cartoon motion picture in color, based on the famous Public Affairs Pamphlet, "Races of Mankind." A 10-minute, 16mm sound film, it is fresh and beautiful in its color and animation, shot through with humor, and delightfully imaginative in its presentation of its theme—the inherent equality of men whatever their race or color. Produced by United Productions of America on the initiative of the UAW-CIO, it is released by Film Alliance of America, Inc., 1600 Broadway, New York 19. The film should be available at local film libraries and visual education dealers, but, if not,

may be obtained direct from the New York distributors. Purchase price is \$80 a copy; rental is \$3 a day or \$6 a school week.

THE "Letter to the American Slaves" (see page 18) is probably a little-known piece of Americana. Helen Boardman's job in tracking it down interested us: "I found a published note concerning it somewhere but I have forgotten where," she writes. "It may have been in W. H. Siebert's *Underground Railroad*, the most thorough study of that subject ever made. Anyway . . . I went through all of the reports of anti-slavery societies for 1850 and all of the anti-slavery newspapers and periodicals I could find: the Henry Ward Beecher Collection in Brooklyn; the rare newspaper Collection at Union Theological Seminary; the Schomberg Collection at the 135th Street Library; the rare book room at the 42nd Street Library. Finally I went through every item listed at 42nd Street under abolition and anti-slavery and there I found a paper I had never heard of, *The Anti-Slavery Bugle* of Salem, Ohio—and there was my Letter. Why it was published there and not in New York I do not know; but I believe it must have been issued also in pamphlet form which would be the best way of distributing it."

• The Common Council at Work •

THE FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PRESS

THE Council's exhibit of foreign-language newspapers and periodicals in the United States was formally opened at the headquarters of the United Nations at Lake Success in a ceremony on February 4 attended by members of the Secretariat and representatives of the foreign-language press. In presenting the exhibit, Read Lewis, the Council's Executive Director, pointed out that all but six or seven of the 55 countries which are members of the United Nations will find publications in the U.S. in a language

panels as "A Free Press in 39 Languages," "United States—A Nation of Nations," "Many Languages—One People," "They Live and Work Peacefully Together," "Living Links to the World." In accepting the exhibit, Mr. Tor Gjesdal, Director of the U.N. Department of Public Information, said that the Council's work should be taken as an example by the staff of the United Nations Secretariat, which up to now includes representatives of 45 nationalities.

Following its display at Lake Success, the exhibit will be shown in both New York and Washington, according to present plans, and perhaps elsewhere. The exhibit has been made more timely by the recommendation, in January, of the House Committee on Un-American Activities that legislation be enacted forbidding the use of the mails to all foreign-language newspapers and periodicals "which do not carry a full English translation, in parallel columns next to the foreign-language context."

No evidence is cited to justify this extraordinary recommendation, reminiscent of the anti-alien hysteria which followed World War I, and doubly amazing in a country that has just become the capital of the United Nations. Such a requirement would, in fact, doom the foreign-language press, already beset by rising costs and the scarcity of newsprint. Few, if any, non-English papers could meet the extra costs of full English translations, let alone find space for them. And for what reason? Throughout the war the Federal government closely followed all foreign-language publications in the country and found them, with minor exceptions, doing a thoroughly loyal, conscientious, and useful job. Con-



Clem Kalischer

MRS. ROOSEVELT WAS AN EARLY VISITOR TO THE EXHIBIT. YAROSLAV CHYZ, MANAGER OF THE COUNCIL'S FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PRESS DIVISION, IS EXPLAINING A PANEL TO HER

native to their countries. The exhibit aims, he said, to call attention to aspects of American life which might be of special interest to the United Nations—aspects indicated by the titles of such

THE COMMON COUNCIL AT WORK

gress is not likely to take seriously in time of peace a recommendation which proved unnecessary in the critical days of the war, and which encroaches on the freedom of an integral part of our American press. The fact that it has been made, however, is warning that we cannot take freedom for granted, but must ever stand ready to do battle for its maintenance and extension.

To millions of newcomers not yet at home in English, non-English publications in the United States render an invaluable service. They are a source of current news, an interpreter of American institutions and ideals, a guide to the American scene, and a link to the newcomer's own cultural heritage. To many thousands of Americans who are bilingual, non-English publications also render an important service, by supplying information and contacts which cannot be obtained from the English-language press—information about developments and events in their native countries, and contacts with persons of the same cultural or racial background.

The 1,010 non-English publications in the United States are printed in 39 different languages, ranging from 130 Spanish publications to one each in Flemish, Korean, and Wendish. They are located in 36 of our 48 states, those with the largest number being New York 290, Illinois 121, Pennsylvania 83, California 66, Massachusetts 53, Texas 52, Ohio 50, Michigan 43, New Jersey 38, Minnesota 31, Wisconsin 25, Connecticut 15, Missouri 14, Colorado and Iowa, each 12, Nebraska, New Mexico, and the District of Columbia, each 11.

The non-English newspaper in the United States has a long history. In 1739, only thirty-five years after the first English-language newspaper made its appearance in Boston, a German newspaper began publication in Germantown, Penn-

sylvania. In recent years, despite restrictive immigration, the non-English newspaper has kept its place as a vigorous and



Clem Kallscher

FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PRESS EXHIBIT IN THE STAFF LOUNGE AT LAKE SUCCESS

integral part of the American press. Since the days of World War I the Common Council has supplied foreign-language newspapers with a weekly educational press service, designed to assist them in interpreting American institutions and ideals.

It is from Americans of foreign birth and their families that the non-English press draws the bulk of its readers. Not only do persons of foreign birth or parentage constitute today one quarter of the American population, but in the 1940 Census as many as 21,996,240 persons in the United States reported some language other than English as their "mother tongue."

An important part of American journalism, non-English publications are rendering a valuable service not only to their readers, but to the United States as a whole. They are entitled to the same rights and privileges as their English colleagues.

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

HUMAN NATURE, CULTURE, AND CONTROL

THE THEORY OF HUMAN CULTURE. By James Feibleman. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 361 pp. \$5

THE HUMAN FRONTIER. By Roger J. Williams. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 314 pp. \$3

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE SWORD. By Ruth Benedict. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 324 pp. \$3

Drawing upon every modern source of understanding of man's physical, psychic, and moral make-up, his conditioning and dominating impulses, Mr. Feibleman demonstrates that human nature, the despair of reformers, prime obstacle to progress, is only cultural nature entrenched in the subconscious (or some prefer it, the unconscious) mind. All the driving power of impulse, he shows, lies below the conscious personal level where reason is supposed to rule. Actions are determined at a level described as that of the social psyche, where ideas are taken for granted, as true, therefore mandatory; or they are determined at a still lower level, purely psychological, based on instincts and emotions. In any case the behavior either of individuals or groups must be considered in relation to the entire background, as far back as the origin and development of any group. Amplifying this thesis he analyzes in successive chapters a number of cultures, early and advanced. His aim is to pave the way for a true science of human culture in which both the social sciences and a vitalized, creative philosophy may have a part.

The Human Frontier coincides strikingly with Feibleman's plea for unification in the study of cultures. Dr. Williams, himself an eminent biochemist, approaches the problem from the biological angle, showing that men are limited as individuals in their capacity to accept, live by, play the part assigned them, contribute to the general welfare, and prosper under the dictates of society—any particular culture. Misfits and failures are a common result. The reason: no adequate understanding of individual needs. Research conducted in special fields remains segregated, is not applied. This calls for an organization to serve as clearing house for the vast amount of new and special knowledge bearing on human problems; also for a recognition of one comprehensive field of applied social and cultural science, which the author would call humanics. With or without the name, the need is obvious. But the difficulties involved are equally great. Here they are faced with courage and an uncommon insight—evidence that the author is well informed as to the nature of contributions to be expected from sciences that lie outside his special field. Much of the discussion on physiological traits and psychological capacities will be informative to any reader. Even in so specialized a subject as criminology there is common sense appeal in the plea that in the case of most criminals "their individualities have never been recognized or taken account of," pointing to initial failure in the functioning of the home.

In Ruth Benedict's *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, a study of Japanese

psychology, nurture, and culture—a pattern old as their history—there is no recognition of the individual as the basis of society. While social sanctions tended by and large toward “good” behavior, orders from above justified criminal acts. No man, woman, or child was of any value except as he or she kept his proper place: that place, and its behaviors, were determined by the principle of hierarchy on which the whole system of Japan’s culture had been formed. Assigned by the Office of War Information to the task of determining what we might expect of the people of Japan in war and in defeat, Dr. Benedict, a top-ranking cultural anthropologist, explored every aspect of the Japanese cultural pattern and gave a green light for the policy, since followed, of preserving the emperor as the ultimate symbol to the masses of the national existence, sanity and welfare.

Toru Matsumoto’s *A Brother Is a Stranger* (John Day, \$3.75), his life story, begun while he was interned as an enemy alien by our government and finished after his release, with the aid of Marion Lerrigo as co-author, shows what happens when a contrary principle invades a typical Japanese home. Mr. Matsumoto’s mother, a convert to Christianity, brought in the idea that individuals are equal and independent personalities, responsible for their own acts. Toru accepted this. His elder brother, who on the death of the father became by law and custom the head and dictator of the house, did not. Thwarted in his attempt to decide Toru’s choice of a profession, wife, politics, and status in life, this elder brother became vindictive, working himself up in the end to insane fanaticism and attempted murder. The cultural ideal is plainly responsible for the change from an engaging companion and older

brother to a psychotic brute. Apart from this tragic detail, the story is a wonderful unfolding of family life and social history through a crucial period in Japan’s national and international development and relations, rich in detail, vivid, and well told. Pearl Buck says of it in a preface: “the truest and most complete book of life in Japan, with all its good and evil, that I have ever read.”

Andrew W. Lind’s report on *Hawaii’s Japanese* (Princeton University Press, \$3) reveals that individual freedom, won in Toru Matsumoto’s case only after intense struggle against an imperial background, came easily and naturally to Hawaiians of the same race, island-born. The secret of it, he shows, lay in the tradition of racial amity dominant among Island residents of the older stocks. It was this that prevented mass segregation of the Japanese Hawaiians, even when rumors of disloyalty and sabotage on their part were spread widely after Pearl Harbor, and—in the Pacific West—were believed. The utter falsity of these charges is proved in Dr. Lind’s book. By qualified observers, expert comment, and excellent photographic record, the true character of these Island Americans is vindicated and their wartime activities as civilians and soldiers accredited in a heartening report.

Far other fortunes befell Americans of Japanese descent on the mainland, as *The Spoilage* by Dorothy S. Thomas and Richard Nishimoto (University of California Press, \$3.75) painfully reports. On the West Coast, as the world knows, Nisei were herded along with Issei into wartime camps in complete violation of their citizenship rights; and not from military necessity but at the instigation of race-hatred and suspicion, this report abundantly proves. That this treatment turned many against our government and against democracy itself is not surpris-

COMMON GROUND

ing. More to be wondered at is the reasonableness of the many who saw behind that hate-hysteria a saving democratic principle in which—despite its passing violation—they still could believe. The stress in this thoroughly documented volume is on the human “spoilage” resulting from the evacuation—the human problems, reactions, and attitudes developed by evacuees during the segregation period. The report grows out of a study undertaken by a group of social scientists in the University of California in 1942, involving intensive observation of camps in California, Arizona, and Idaho over a period of three years. It is exhaustive and complete in respect to stated goals and is a book to be read with careful thought by all Americans concerned with democratic human relations and civil rights.

Under the Red Sun by Forbes Monaghan (Declan X. McMullen Co. \$2.75) is a record of Filipino loyalty and faith in America during the conquest and occupation of the Philippines by Japan. Despite initial bungling and slipshod negligence at the outbreak of war, “America had taught these people, not by words, but by deeds, to trust us,” the

author points out. This trust, held through heartbreaking years of delay, is one of the miracles of our time and proves the common folk of the Islands worthy of all the assistance this country can give in restoring their wasted cities and lands. Here are tales of heroism past counting, not only in the Bataan army of deathless fame (four-fifths Filipino), but also among the guerrilla bands. Father Monaghan, now Chairman of the National Educational Congress in Manila, establishes that the Island culture, once adopted and now ingrained in the people, is one with ours.

Arva C. Floyd's *White Man—Yellow Man* (Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$1.75) charts the course of four hundred years of rivalry between two races, each of which has shown at some points superiority to the other and, at times, felt it. The story of the highhanded manner in which five European nations have gained and held ascendancy in Asia is a depressing one. The author makes it shockingly plain that only a complete change of attitude, with humility and respect replacing arrogance and contempt, can heal old resentments and enable the two races to meet on wholly human terms.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS

Milla Logan's early memoirs, happily named *Bring Along Laughter* (Random House. \$2.50), collected from *COMMON GROUND* and other periodicals and added to, appear now in book form. A Serbian patriarch, hearing of the project, wrote asking, “What kind contents your book should be, and who is big fool who would read it?” She says the “kind contents” concern the affairs of some people she knew before there was a Yugoslavia,

who lived in San Francisco and called themselves Serbs. As for the “fools” who will read it, they'll be happier than they've been for a long time. For, starting with the night when the Zenovich family was thrown out of bed by an earthquake, joined others of their connection roaming the streets till the clan was united, then enjoyed the calamity in a whole-souled way, here is a series of episodes in which everybody is incor-

rigibly individual, incredibly clannish and social, and irresistibly funny. We've had nothing like it since *Anything Can Happen*. Shelf-mates, the two books.

Gertrude Atherton's *My San Francisco* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50) deals naturally with the affairs of authors, leading citizens, and persons in public life, folk with whom, as a famed writer, she has had much to do. But her loyalty is for the city as a whole. She finds there a largeness of spirit shown in recognition of merit regardless of class, faith, or sex. She devotes one chapter to persons of distinction who are Jews, a fact no one bothers to mention; another to the achievements of women in law, letters, business, technology, medicine, education, and the arts.

Country Jake by Charles B. Driscoll (Macmillan. \$3) is the second volume of Driscoll's autobiographical explorations, the first of which was *Kansas Irish*. The new volume gives an account of the author's early years up to the day when at the age of twenty he left the farm for higher schooling, prepared for by heroic efforts under unbelievable odds. He had never before traveled by rail or been out of the county. All the secret of painful preparation for his later career as successor to O. O. McIntyre as a Broadway columnist is here.

As *We Were*, comment by Bellamy Partridge and prints from Otto Bettman's fabulous collection (Whittlesey House. \$4.50), is a pictorial record of American life, 1850 to 1900. Comments by the author of *Country Lawyer* are apt and illuminating. Prints are chosen with humor and good judgment, displaying dress, manners, work, sports, fads, inventions, and progress—with war's interruptions—for these expansive years. Home life is stressed.

Stewart Holbrook's *Lost Men of American History* (Macmillan. \$3.50)

takes us a century farther back and singles out persons, not types; men and women whose resourcefulness and courage might rate them as national heroes and heroines, but whom history has commonly by-passed. Ludwick, the honest baker from Hesse-Darmstadt, whose bread saved Washington's army; Jehudi Ashmun, who founded Liberia at the cost of his life; and a host of others adorn these factual and exciting tales.

The figures appearing in *American Scriptures* by Carl Van Doren and Carl Carmer (Boni and Gaer. \$3.75) are known to history and familiar to all, but by taking the written records and dramatizing them, the authors have made stirring events out of what is too often textbook routine. Statesmen and heroes come to life. Great days, monuments, principles, songs, and the saga of expansion become fresh and vivid. Typical are the affair of the *Bon Homme Richard*, captained by John Paul Jones, and the taking of Vincennes by George Rogers Clark. For both, Carmer has done the lines in a blank verse that lifts the action above levels possible to prose. Numerous reproductions of paintings, lithographs, and drawings enhance the appeal of the book.

In Granville Hicks' *Small Town* (Macmillan. \$3) the time is the present. The author, a writer and critic with a strong social bent, has made the affairs of a small rural community in New York State his own, by living there for twelve years and sharing its problems, responsibilities, and social life. As a social study, the book is unique, for the author stands in, not outside of, the pattern he describes.

Only an Ocean Between, edited by Sargent Florence (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.50), is designed to acquaint the people of two countries who (one hopes) would like to be neighbors. It so

functioned for the British during the war years when it first appeared (in three separate sections). Now, as a single volume, it gives us, in matched photographs of scenes on both sides of the ocean, a chance to compare our land and living with Britain's. The text, supplemented by color charts and tabulated data, tells

us of geography, climate, resources, politics, and economics, as well as folkways and social habits, in both lands. Liveliest is the section on *Our Private Lives*, done by Lella Secor Florence. More serious, *Our Two Democracies at Work*, by K. B. Smellie, London School of Economics.

RACE MYTH AND PSYCHOSIS

Frank Tannenbaum's *Slave and Citizen* (Knopf. \$2) throws new light on the origin of a blighting illusion that is still the curse of the land. Austrian-born economist and historian and incisive thinker (now Professor of Latin American History at Columbia University), Dr. Tannenbaum shows that the slave in ancient times was never deemed inferior as a man. Slavery was a misfortune that came to any and all conquered peoples. (Cicero expressly declared all men to be equal.) In parts of the New World the slave was first a laborer, then a chattel and a commodity for barter, then declared sub-human and denied moral status. Legal and social consent entrenched the slaveowner in his preposterous claims. With the Negro transformed in our South into a symbol of fantastic slave-attributes, the chain was complete and civil war could not break it. Not so in Brazil. The author draws on Gilberto Freyre's studies to prove that the Negro is qualified by nature to fit in with every aspect of cultural life, and when so accepted no fantasy of white superiority even starts, no race myth, no disabling political disease.

Gilberto Freyre's *The Masters and the Slaves* in Samuel Putnam's brilliant translation (Knopf. \$7.50) gives an exhaustive account of how a union of cul-

tures, Portuguese and Negro, was achieved in Brazil. Freyre shows that this happy result was inevitable from the first, owing to the background as well as to the necessities of the Portuguese colony; but most of all to a cultural fluidity wanting in the British West Indies and the southern United States. As sociology his work appeals to experts in that field. A pervasive leisure of Latinity and its quality as literature also make it luxury reading for book-lovers with emancipated minds.

Miguel Covarrubias in *Mexico South* (Knopf. \$7.50) reveals a similar fluidity among the natives of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, folk of many tribal origins and racial mixtures, with a life and setting that have fascinated him for years. Most of all he admires the Zapotecs, a blend of Indian and white, a free and proud people who "by concerted action and mass resistance have always maintained their self-assurance and independence." Lavish with the author-artist's illustrations, and with antiquarian and nature lore as well as cultural studies, the book has a wide appeal.

For *The Making of a Southerner* (Knopf. \$3), Katharine Du Pre Lumpkin drew on the life and fortunes of her own southern family for three generations, to show how the social architecture

of the South, with its cornerstone of faith in superior white and inferior Negro, was built, buttressed, died for, and why it is still fought for today. We come to understand the hold this faith has on men's minds. A system made static (deliberately, at first), for the advantage it gave to the slaveowner, became a cultural ideal and a sacred faith, impregnable because unconscious, lying unchallenged deep in the social psyche of family and class. With great finesse and understanding of the workings of the inner mind, the author tells the story of how the walls of this citadel were breached in her own mind, of her awakening to realities in the social scheme, and of her labor research in the South.

To Master, a Long Good Night, dramatic life-story of the original Uncle Tom, by Brion Gysin (Creative Age Press. \$3), would of itself hold interest as an authentic account of the character on whom Mrs. Stowe based her famed fiction. But the author had in mind what that character has come to symbolize; proves that Josiah Henson, the real Uncle Tom (who did not die, but escaped to Canada, there to embark on a career which won him favorable notice from England's queen and nobility), had the attitude known now as Uncle-Tomism; admits writing the book against that attitude.

Nine experts in psychology and social

science collaborate in a study of *Anti-Semitism*, edited by Dr. Ernst Simmel (International Universities Press. \$2.50). The approach is largely psychoanalytical, but Max Horkheimer (Social Research, Columbia) cautions that we cannot resolve a crisis in occidental culture (which, they agree, anti-Semitism is breeding) by exploring human sources, "even those buried in the depth of the unconscious." He would bring to bear economics and philosophy as well as social science and psychology on the problem of a civilization sick with hate and haunted by fear. Drs. Frenkel-Brunswick and Sanford find an anti-Semite personality in individuals rooted in socio-economic insecurity. T. W. Adorno (Social Research, Berkeley and Columbia) brilliantly analyzes the mechanism used by agitators to win converts in their propaganda of hate: providing vicarious expression of feelings and ideas their hearers dare not or cannot express, a ritual of emotional excess by which the destructive impulse is liberated and a scapegoat found for every real or fancied ill-usage. Dr. Simmel reminds us that the most powerful energy threatening civilization resides not in the atom but within man himself: a human instinct of destruction hidden within the unconscious and emanating hatred. The importance of this collective study, and of others like it that may follow, cannot be overstressed.

DREAM OF DECENCY

Not So Wild a Dream is the title Eric Severeid finds for this story of his life (Knopf. \$3.50), which begins in a small town in Dakota where folk like his own family lived (Norwegian pioneer stock), who knew neither class, racial, nor mon-

eyed distinctions marring the true pattern of democracy. Even the poorest knew and valued a "life in dignity," which later the Minnesota-schooled country boy, as radio man and foreign correspondent, learned to look for in

the war-torn lands overseas. He found it in London during the bombing, among civilians who would not surrender to fear; among the Maquis behind the battle front in France; and even among Naga savages on the Burma border where his plane crashed, this side the "Hump." This quest for decency in human relations—seen as an issue far greater than the rise and fall of empires—is the heart and pulse of Severeid's book.

Ellis Arnall's title, *The Shore Dimly Seen* (Lippincott. \$3), dramatizes the same quest. This is a report on the horizon, social and political, of Georgia and the South today, by the late Governor of Georgia, who fought shrewdly and well for decent relations in civic, political, and economic life, not only for his own state, but for the whole South. Nor does he see this fight as merely a regional issue. He equates it with the advent of legislation fair to all economies, South, North, or West; fair to Negro and other minorities, and supported by a rampart of public sentiment which is as yet only a "shore dimly seen."

Jonathan Daniels' account of affairs in Washington, *Frontier on the Potomac* (Macmillan. \$2.75), leaves the impression that the shore Governor Arnall describes as dimly seen is, in Congressional circles, hardly seen at all; that "life in dignity" is no longer possible even for Senators, treated by their constituents as bellboys, ever on call for personal favors. "They don't give you a chance to be national," a Senator pleads. There are the lobbies, the pressure groups, quietly—or openly—corrupting legislators if they can. But for this condition author Daniels blames us all: "The only government we shall ever see is the government we are. I am America. So is everybody else."

George Galloway in *Congress at the Crossroads* (Crowell. \$3.50) supports

the above view. But his well-executed purpose is to give us a clear understanding of what Congress is for. Here are constructive suggestions for ending the abuses that prevail, and for clearing a confusion in the public mind that tolerates or causes them. George Galloway is Staff Director of the Joint Committee on the Reorganization of Congress.

In *The Alien and the Asiatic in American Law*, by Milton R. Konvitz (Cornell University Press. \$3), all important issues that have arisen in this field since the alien act of 1798 are covered fully and critically, not only Supreme Court decisions, but also state and Federal laws passed and contested. These matters, the report shows, have been treated by legislators as if they were purely the concern of the United States and American citizens. But it is obvious that exclusion acts, and legislative restrictions (by states), have had serious repercussions in our world relations. It is also true, as Dr. Konvitz says here, that even within our borders we perpetuate an "Asiatic problem" by our passion for homogeneity and the tendency of some to demand uncompromising conformity, and so antagonize our minorities.

By its very title, *The Constitution and Civil Rights*, also by Milton R. Konvitz (Columbia University Press. \$3), challenges the reader. Does he know that civil rights are not the same as civil liberties? That they required special acts of Congress (apart from the Bill of Rights) to define? That these rights cannot be enforced by the Federal government, but must be left to the discretion of the states to apply or ignore? Answers to these and other pertinent points are found here, with a complete history of Federal civil rights acts and analyses of court cases tried under them. The same is done for civil rights acts passed by such states as have cared to guard the rights of

persons to employment, to hotel and restaurant service, the use of common carriers, and to places of recreation, without discrimination on account of race, faith, or national origin.

Stetson Kennedy's *Southern Exposure* (Doubleday. \$3) deals courageously with anti-democratic forces in the Deep South. Author Kennedy, a true Southerner of the old stock, one of the growing group of tough-minded southern liberals who believe in the equality of man, writes objectively of causes, present and historic, of economic disorders that have become a national blight; that have involved the whole land in racism, perpetuated the exploitation of man by man, intimidated voters, and spread subversive influence from the halls of Congress to the counsels of national com-

mitteemen in Chicago. One of the concluding chapters, "Total Equality and How to Get It," appeared in *COMMON GROUND* in the Winter 1946 issue.

Wayne Andrews in *Battle for Chicago* (Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75) carries the spotlight to persons on the national stage who, in fulfillment of their individual drive, ambition, or passionate ideology, have influenced not only the destiny of one city but the outlook and political leaning of millions in the country as a whole. Widest felt of these influences is that stemming from the newspaper financed by the first Marshall Field and directed by Joseph Medill into isolationist channels in conflict with Field's ideas and policies—a conflict which has culminated in the bitter rivalry between the Chicago Tribune and the Sun today.

THE AMERICAN SCENE IN FICTION

Sholem Asch, in *East River* (Putnam. \$3), gives us 48th Street from Fifth Avenue to the River in the early 1900s, where folk of all faiths and nations lived as new immigrants, many still dreaming of their homelands and saving in hope of a return. But Nathan, paralyzed son of Moshe Wolf, struck down at the start of a promising intellectual career, yearned for a country that would be his own. Gentle Mary McCarthy crossed faith barriers to bring him solace. Among a confused, polyglot people, Moshe stands out as one who had firm principles to live by, needing support from none.

Edward Kimbrough, who wrote *Night Fire* (Rinehart. \$2.75), is young, southern, and ardent. He can mirror the whole attitude and outlook of the unenlightened element in the South in a few lines

of dialogue. His sheriff, pursuing a Negro, asks Ashby Pelham (whose sense of justice, though dormant, is not dead), "I been meanin' to talk to you a long time. Ashby, are you sound? . . . or have you got ideas?" In its setting, that question tells in brief what the novel as a whole drives home with relentless force. This writing reveals not only the growth of "ideas" in young Ashby, but the land, the gaunt, stunted, half-sterile land ravaged by the same curse that afflicts the minds of its people.

Third Ward Newark is a swift-moving, race-relations novel by Curtis Lucas (Ziff-Davis. \$2.50). A vivid series of incidents revealing the blighted social background of a Negro ghetto in a northern city give an intense and moving character to the book.

Edmund Fuller's *A Star Pointed North* (Harper, \$2.75) gives us the very core of the basic human problem of the slave days before the Civil War, and the key to its solution. Most powerful of any recent novel on this theme, it is also the best authenticated: a fictionized biography of Frederick Douglass. And here's the key: moral self-mastery. By it the slave won not only his personal freedom but made of his life a demonstration of that principle which is the secret of all true evolution and the clue to human destiny.

Karon Kehoe's *City in the Sun* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50) tells as fiction the human story of the wartime evacuation of Japanese Americans from the West Coast. Miss Kehoe got her material firsthand, as secretary to the Chief of Internal Security at the Gila River relocation center in Arizona, and with a rare capacity for self-projection she has managed to break through her Caucasian background into identification with the evacuees. It is a moving story she tells—of Americans to whom America was denied, of tragedy, struggle, and conflicting loyalties. A good first novel in itself (winner of the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship Award), it is important and rewarding in its honest portrayal of a shameful episode of our recent history.

Kent Cooper's *Anna Zenger* (Farrar, Straus, \$3.75) is an historic character now lifted from unmerited obscurity by a fine novelized biography. Born Anna Maulin, this brilliant young woman of Dutch-French parentage married the German immigrant, Peter Zenger. The authorship of articles that appeared in the first New York newspaper not under government control, printed by Zenger (for which he was tried for seditious libel, and jailed in 1734), has been a moot point with historians. Kent Cooper

ascribes the authorship to Anna, in a wholly convincing fiction, to which he adds documentary evidence at the book's close. The novel is well worth reading for its own sake. Anna combines beauty and charm with an outlook that, far from being old-fashioned, might be a model for a period yet unborn.

Arthur Koestler, Hungarian-Viennese-born author of *Thieves in the Night* (Macmillan, \$2.75), knows England, knows Palestine, knows prewar European culture to the dregs, and does the most trenchant writing anywhere to be found. His new novel takes you deeper into intrigues—English-Arab-Jewish-National and Jewish-Underground—in Palestine than any non-fiction reporting you are likely to happen on. This is because his mind and genius can blend factual report with philosophic insight and a touch of fantasy.

THE SPOILAGE

by

Dorothy Swaine Thomas

and

Richard Nishimoto



The story of the Japanese American minority group, their evacuation from the West Coast, and their detention at Tule Lake and other government-operated camps.

THE SPOILAGE is concerned with those evacuees who lost their place in the United States and returned to defeated Japan or who, under the extraordinary pressures that developed in camp, renounced their American citizenship.

First volume of JAPANESE AMERICAN EVACUATION AND RESETTLEMENT.
408 pages. 3 photographs. 10 charts.
Index. \$3.75

University of California Press

Berkeley 4, California

THE ALIEN AND THE ASIATIC IN AMERICAN LAW

MILTON R. KONVITZ
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

This critical analysis of the constitutional and statutory law relating to the alien and the Asiatic is an important contribution to the field of legal and political sociology. It discusses all important Supreme Court cases, federal and state legislative acts, and presents pertinent background materials.

313 pp. \$3.00

Cornell University Press
Ithaca, New York

The Chrysanthemum and the Sword by Ruth Benedict

"... Miss Benedict's significant analysis of Japanese institutions and ways of life can aid us to understand the past for the sake of a better future."

Mark Starr, *Saturday
Review of Literature*

At all bookstores, \$3.00
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



**If you ever thought
the Balkans were a problem**

**Imagine eleven
excitable Serbian
immigrants
under one roof!**

Bring Along Laughter



by **MILLA
LOGAN**

➔ "Was their nature" to stay together, and they got used to everything, even the San Francisco fire! A delightful book about a wonderful family that made life one long carnival in the heart of a big American city. \$2.50

At all bookstores
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.



R E C E N T L Y P U B L I S H E D

HAWAII'S JAPANESE

An Experiment in Democracy

BY ANDREW W. LIND

How did the Hawaiian Islands, one of the world's most progressive areas in the solution of racial problems, meet the dilemma posed by the Pacific War? Mr. Lind, as a professional sociologist, regarded the situation of the Japanese in Hawaii after December 7, 1941, as a social experiment of unusual significance and has applied to its analysis appropriate scientific methods. His interesting report on the course Hawaii followed is told from the point of view of the various participants—the mainlanders, the native non-Japanese and Japanese. Some of the chapter titles are: The Island Japanese—Friend or Foe? Hawaii's Fifth Column? The American Way. Americans of Japanese Ancestry in the War. The Home Front. The Crisis of Peace.

Hawaii's Japanese is editorially sponsored by the American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations, and will prove to be of lively interest to all concerned with the problems of racial minorities and American life.

"Brilliantly told. . . . The record it presents is profoundly significant and deeply reassuring."—*Chicago Sun*.

272 PAGES

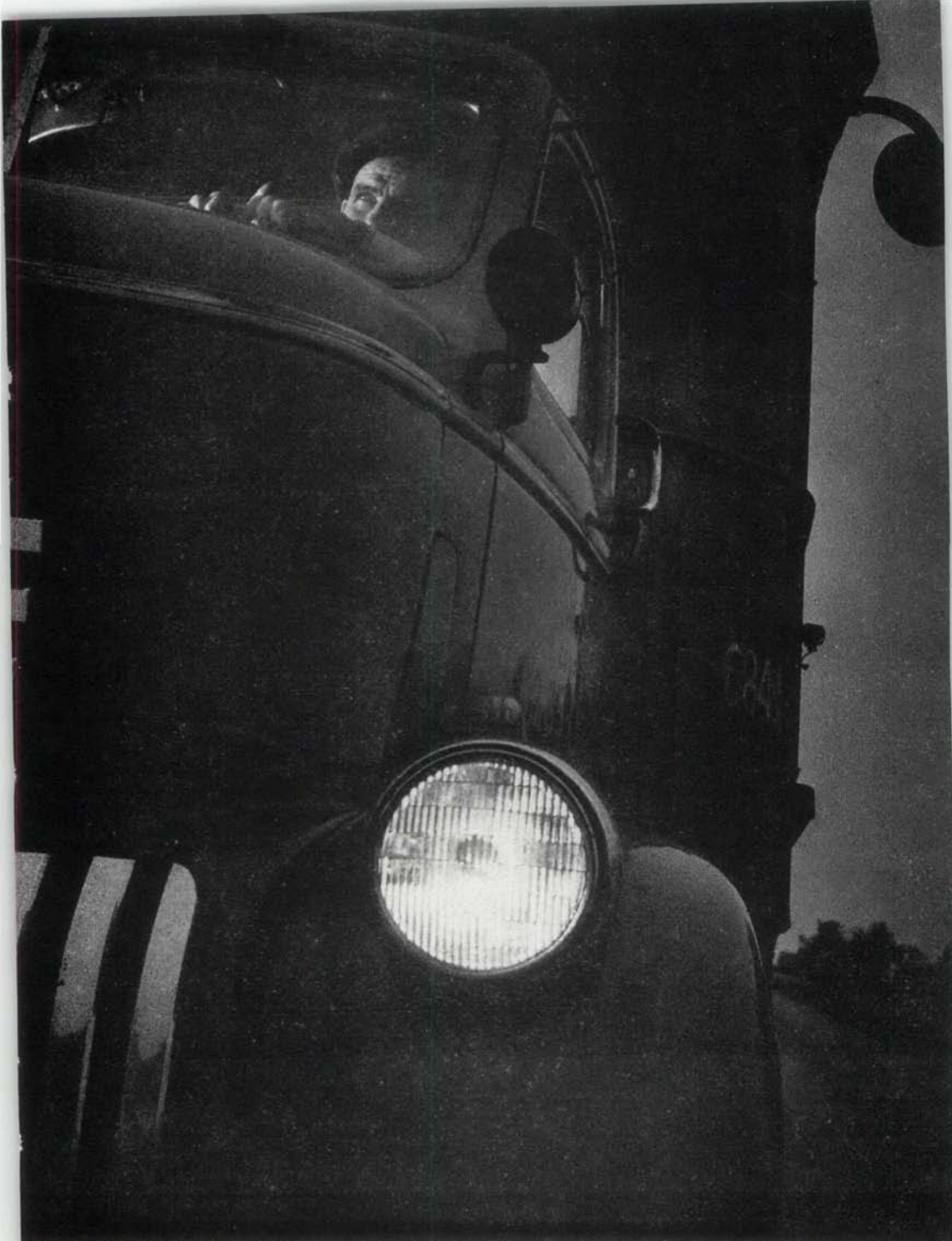
5.5 x 8.5 INCHES

ILLUS.

\$3.00

At your bookstore

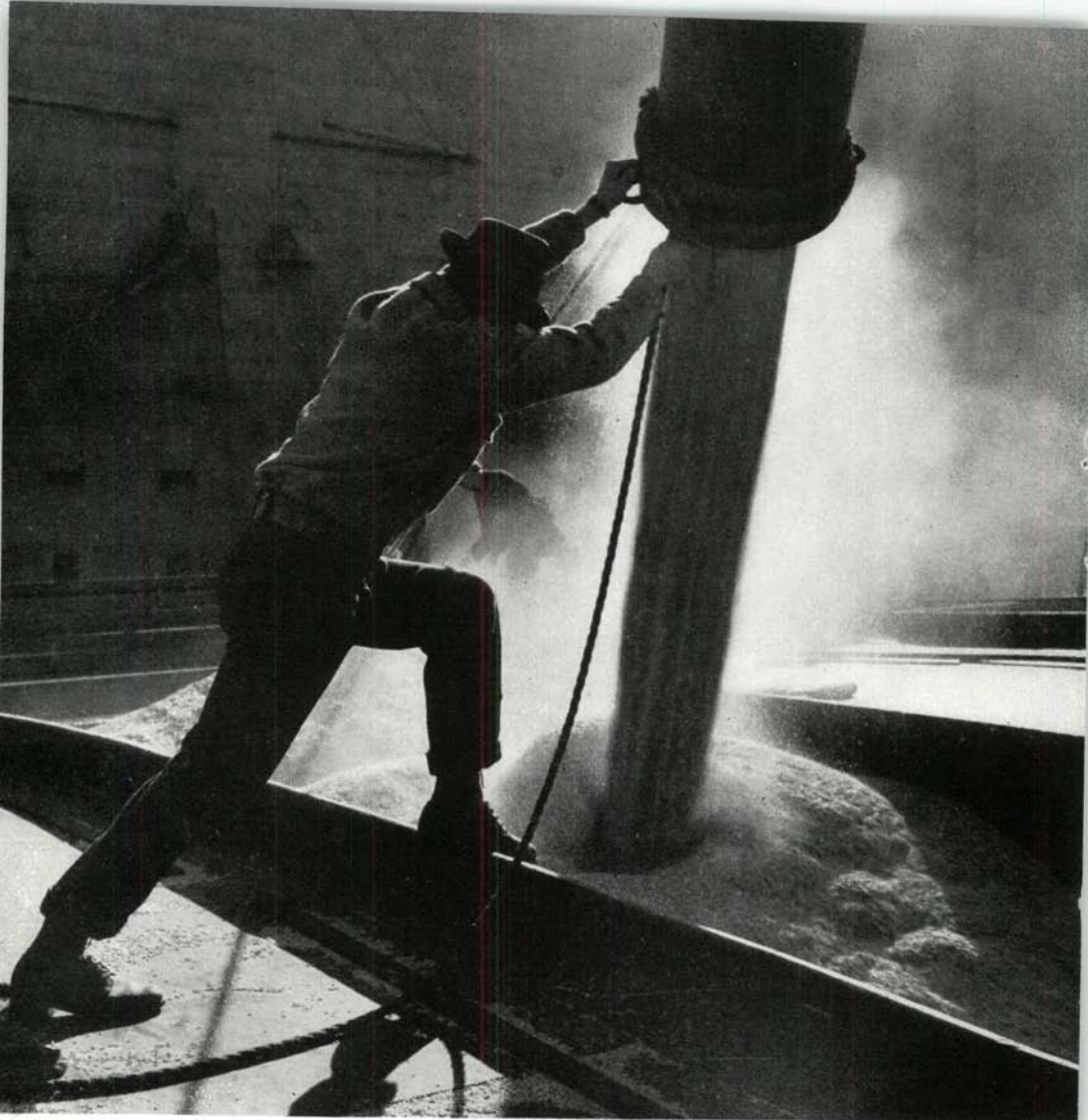
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, PRINCETON, N.J.



LIBSOHN—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY

Americans and their Machines

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

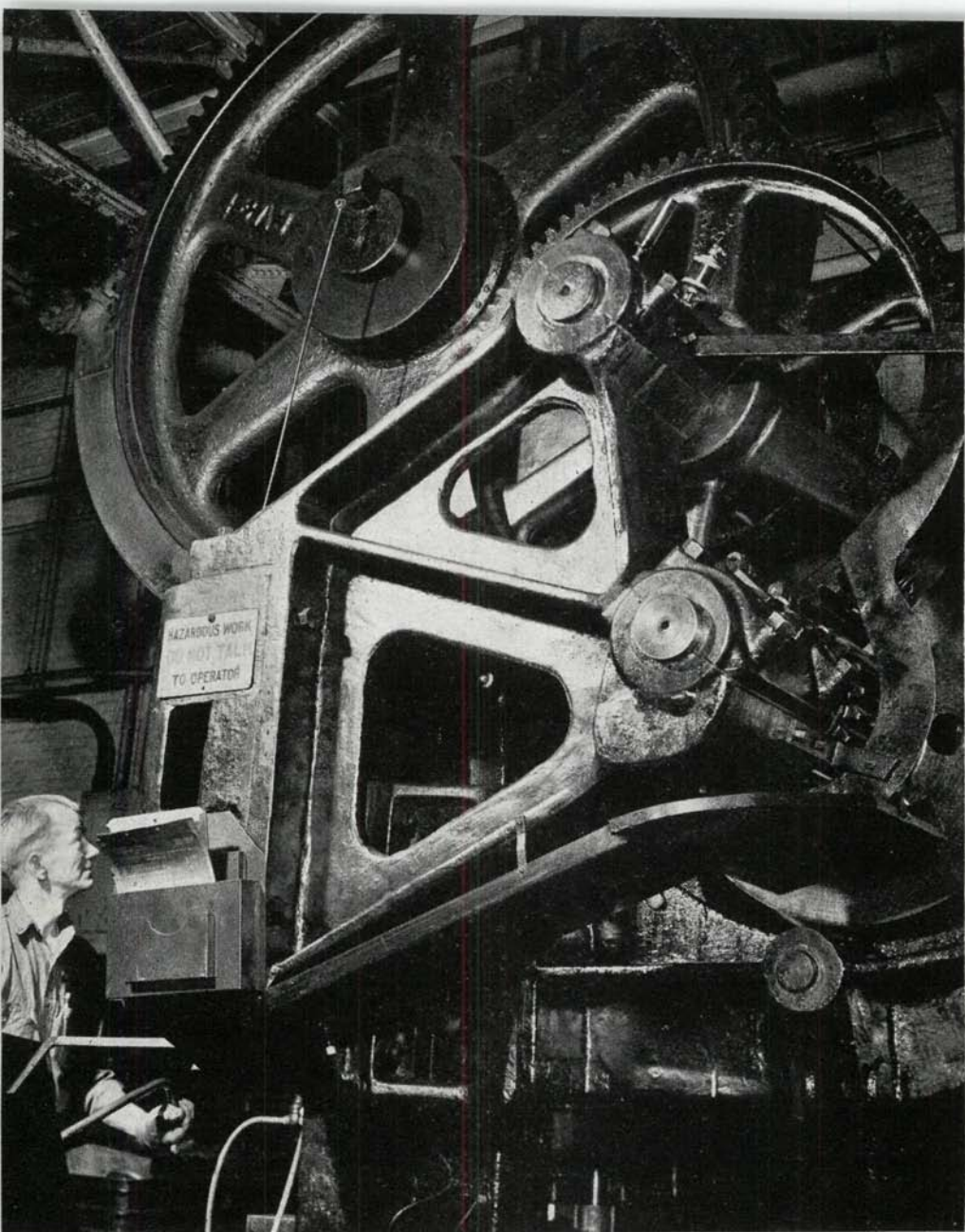


PARKS—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY

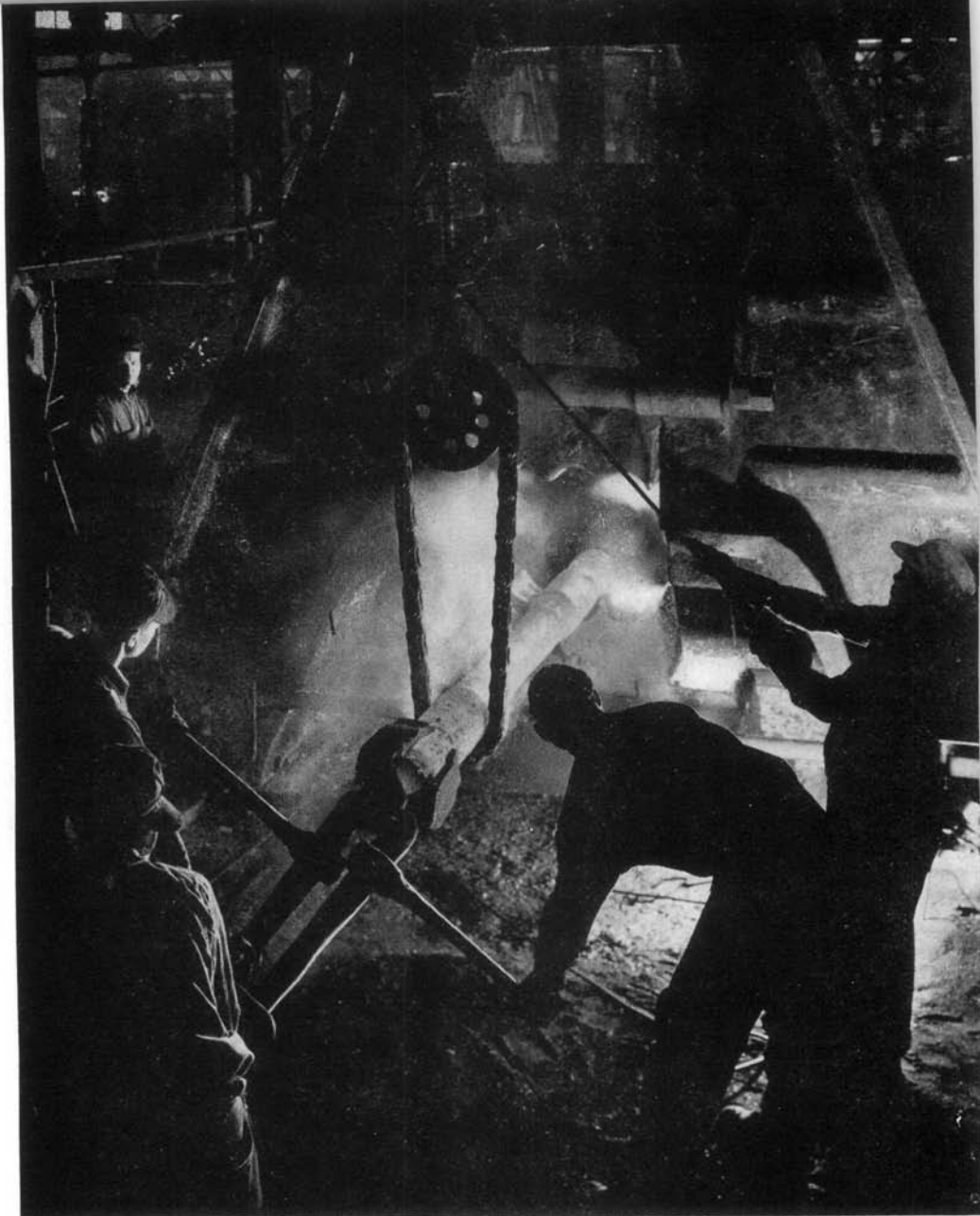
LIBSOHN—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY



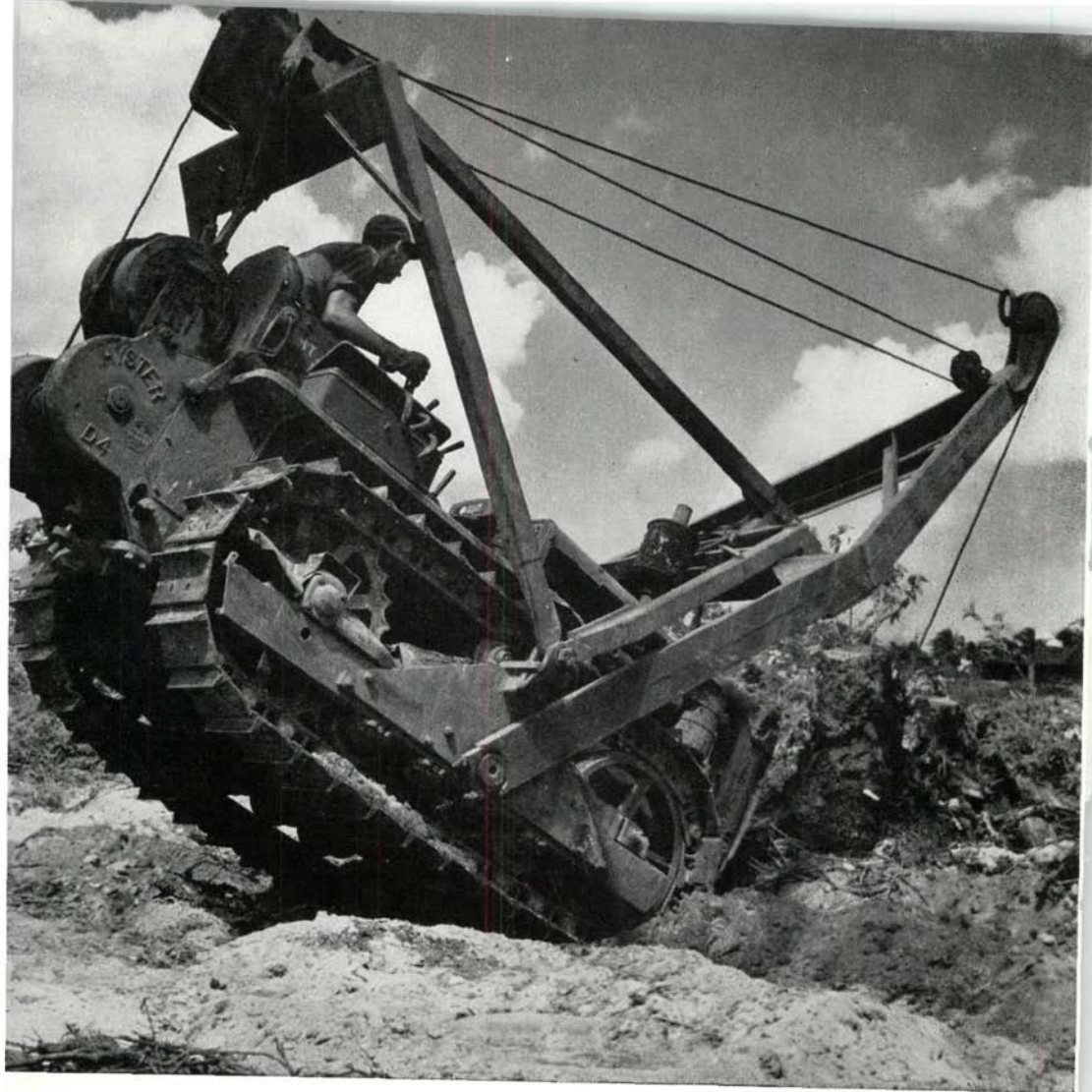
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PARKS—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY



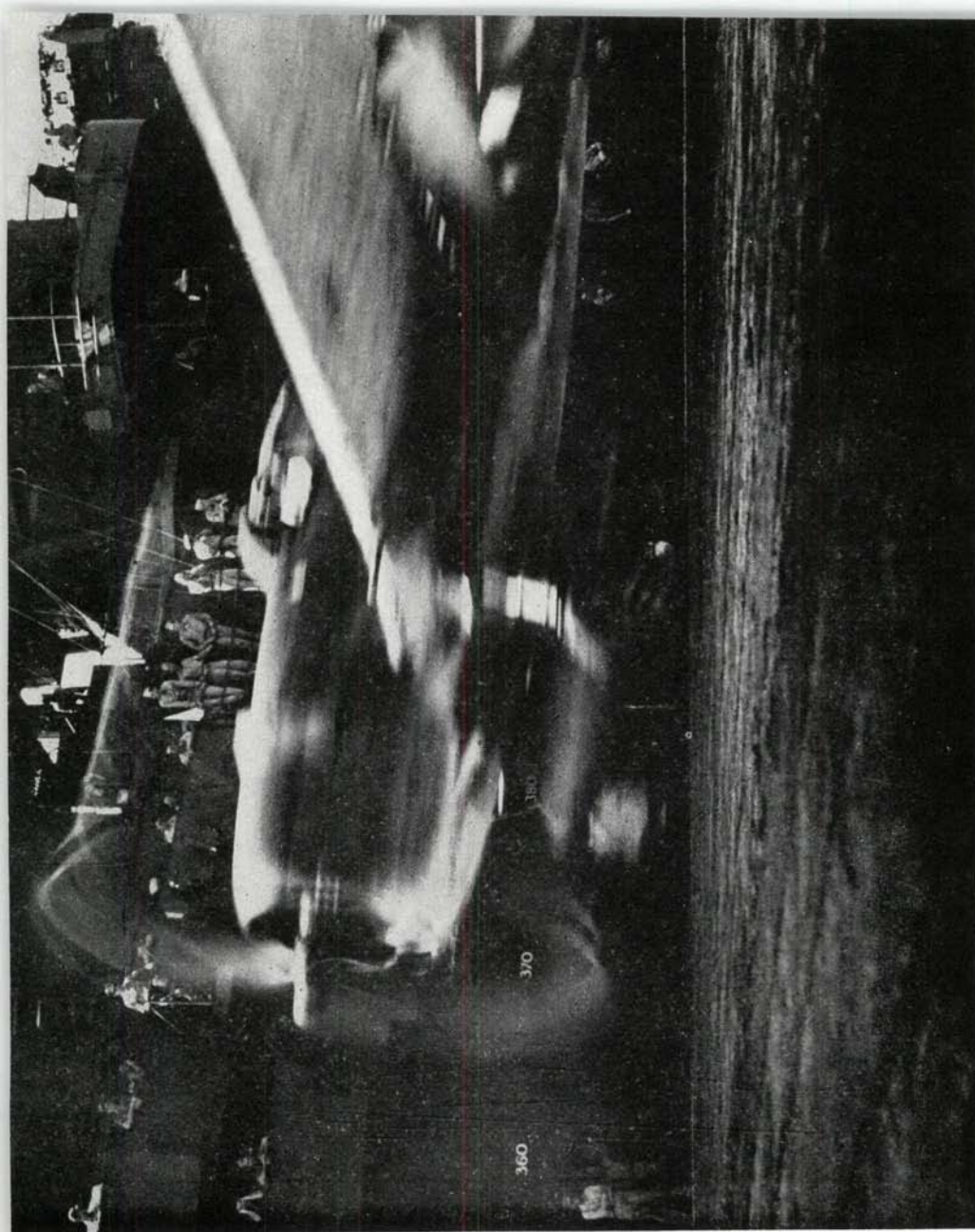
UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION



U.S. NAVY—INTERNATIONAL NEWS

VACHON—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY





U.S. NAVY—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY